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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Silver Question.
SEE FOURTH PAGE

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895. VOL. LXIII. NO. 31.

Poetry.

MY LADY'S HAT.

Through many a season's cloud and sun
And wind and rain,
I've watched the sands of fashion run,
And loved you, Jane;
And never has my firm belief
In your fair fancies caused me grief.

My deep devotion has been sound
When you've elected
To trail your skirts upon the ground,
And quite protected
My mind has been from haggard doubt
When you've essayed to do without.

In strange and devious paths, where you
Have sought for beauty,
I've followed, and a rosy view
Has been sweet duty;
Determined ever to admire
The fashion of my Jane's attire.

But now, ah! now, that roseate hue
Too surely dies,
A hostile and "electric blue"
Corrupts my eyes;
And all around, infecting me,
"Magenta" rages, wild and free.

"Magenta" shot with every shade
Which erring man
Has, in his wildest moments made
Since shades began;
Such shades as make your blood run cold
And blanch the cheek of young and old.

In me they have so worked, that thin
And pale, I send
My tearful resignation in,
And "office" end;
I have no sight to follow more
My lady's hat from door to door.
—London Sketch.

REVERIES.

Sweet is the garden where she sits alone
With twilight's mystic shadows, and the air
Swoons with the happy roses sleeping there;
And yet she heeds them not, her thoughts have flown
To some far fairer garden than her own,
Away in golden memory's charmed sphere,
Where, through the perfumed silence calling, her,
She hears the one loved voice her heart hath known.

Her dreamy eyes are like the dim gray light
So softly fall'n on drowsy hill and lea;
Sweet with the thought of that dear memory,
She heedeth not the fast-approaching night,
But looks beyond the shades where sunshine lies
Soft on the garden-walks of Paradise.

A SUMMER EMOTION.

O for the sight of a summer girl,
From Beersheba to Dan,
Who doesn't strife
With intent to beguile
The heart of a nice young man.

O for the voice of a summer girl,
Whose rhythmic language flows
By day and night,
In an endless flight,
But who never talks of her beaus.

O for the name of a summer girl,
Enrolled with a golden pen,
Who will confess
She hasn't said "yes"
To a dozen or more young men.

O for the heart of a summer girl—
But I'm talking through my hat.
Who ever heard
Of a thing so absurd?
She hasn't any use for that.
—W. J. Lampton in Detroit Free Press.

TO YANTHE.

When, as the fair Yanthe walks,
The roses offer incense sweet,
The lilies stoop their stately stalks
To catch the twinkle of her feet.
Balm of her lips
The south wind sips,
Then, half afraid, he makes retreat.

And when to dance Yanthe deigns,
With grace divine is she engirt;
The music's soul her fan constrains
That ripples in her dainty skirt!
But, ah! to see
The witchery
That ripples in her dainty skirt.

But should Yanthe chance to sing,
The earth lies rapt in mute delight,
The thrushes bate their jargoning,
The ravished river checks his flight.
And I know well
That Philomel
Will have no heart to sing to-night.
—RK.

Miscellany.

THE TECHNIQUE OF SINGING.

Opinions of Miss Katherine Evans of the National Conservatory.

At a recent meeting of the Professional Woman's league, of New York, the strongest and most influential organization of its kind in the world, Miss Katherine Evans read a paper on "Vocal Music," which was replete with information of a character useful to the ambitious vocalist. Her remarks and suggestions to would-be singers were commendable in the extreme. Miss Evans said: "My keynote is a paraphrase of a well-known couplet:

Of all those arts in which the wise excel
The best is that of singing, which so few do well.

"Thorough grounding in fundamental principles is necessary to success. It takes a long while to accomplish this before show work begins. Every one should know something in regard to the possibilities of the most beautiful instrument, the human voice. Since earliest ages the most wonderful results have been produced through the intelligent use of the speaking voice, and men and nations were swayed by the carefully modulated intonations of silver-tongued orators of old long before the sister art of song had held an acknowledged place in the galaxy of fine arts"

Methods for developing and controlling the voice were explained at length. Miss Evans claimed that it was absolutely necessary in the dramatic profession that women know how to sing. "Scarcely a new play appears," she said, "but demands a knowledge of music. In presenting successful pieces to-day it is imperative to utilize the voice in order to present in the most realistic manner the author's ideal. What would 'Trilby' be without 'Ben Bolt?'

Miss Evans maintained that any voice which can express varied emotions in language can without difficulty be taught to express them in song. Singing she defined as musical speaking. "Perseverance and intelligence," she said, "go hand in hand in perfecting the voice. As a nation Americans are in a great hurry and American girls are universally discredited to have musical talent and versatility of the highest degree. They frequently cheat themselves of honors by their inability to make haste slowly. hTe question of tone color is one of importance, but the greatest is that of thought. When pupils and teachers realize this, song will become in a higher degree than any of her sisters in the universal art."

She Proved an Alibi for Her Boy.

A witness who says the right thing in the right way is a jewel and a shining specimen was a Maine mother who was striving to prove an alibi for a boy in a horse stealing case. A man testified that he had seen the boy at the village on that day, when the woman sprang from her seat and cried:

"He wa'nt out, nuther! His pants was hanging on the clo'es line all day!"
—Lewiston Journal.

Not To-Day.

Visitor—And is your mistress so very ill? I am exceedingly sorry. Do you think she will die to-day?

Man servant—She be very bad, mum, but she can't die to-day. This is cook's day off.—Boston Transcript.

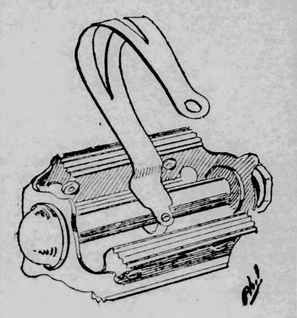
Eight Aristocratic Baby Wolves.

Every patriot in Rome is in a high state of joy. The she-wolf of the Capitol, who is maintained there in honor of the ancient tradition, has given birth to eight young wolves.—London Telegraph.

FOR YOUR BICYCLE.

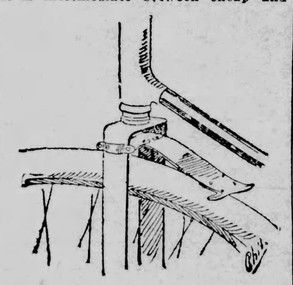
Two Devices That Add to the Convenience and Safety of Riders.

The first illustration printed here shows a new toe-clip that has recently been introduced. It is made of tempered steel, is nickel plated, and weighs two and three-quarters ounces a pair. It is attached to a spindle of the pedal,



as shown in the cut, and is adjustable to any desired size. All bicyclists will appreciate its value.

The second cut represents a foot brake, three-quarters of an inch in width and six inches in length. The brake is attached to the front forks by means of clips; at the other end of the brake is a cast shoe, which conforms to the shape of the tire.



The makers of this brake claim that it is intermediate between cheap and very expensive brakes; that it is entirely serviceable, and that it will not double up when pressure is applied, and that the shoe will always wear smooth and will not tear the rubber tire.

JUST AS SHARP AS HIS FATHER.

Saw What Was Transpiring as Soon as He Entered the Car.

A well-known Atlanta gentleman, who shall be caled Col. White, because that is as far as possible from what his name really is, has a son who is as sharp as his father, says the New York Sun. The colonel is proud of his boy, and he is giving him all the advantages that wealth can afford, which includes, in this instance, principally a knowledge of those things found in books and colleges of the highly moral character. That is to say the colonel, while fond of a game of poker himself, does or did not desire that the boy acquire any such accomplishment, and the colonel thought the boy had not. Not very long ago—that is, some months ago—the colonel, with a party of friends in a private car was going through the town where the boy was at school, and the fond father sent word to met him at the train. On the way a game was started and the colonel took a a hand, and it was not long till he was so absorbed that he forgot all about boy, college, letter, meeting, and everything else, and was not recalled to the state of the case until, at a station where they stopped, he saw his son hurrying across the platform to the car. Of course it would never do to let the innocent boy see what was going on, and with one sweep of the hand he cleaned the chips off the table, and the players leaned back as guileless as if they were having a prayer meeting. Nothing was left on the table but the colonel's buckhorn-handle pocket knife. The boy came into the car from the door at his father's back, and coming up to him he put his arms about his neck and kissed him.

"How do you do, papa?" exclaimed the boy.

"Ah, my son, how are you?" responded his father, taking him by the hand.

At this moment the boy's eyes fell upon the knife on the table, and he looked at his father with alook of pain.

"Oh, papa," he said, all sympathy, "have they got everything except your pocket knife?"

The colonel caved, and when the boy had gone he had to pay for several drinks to end the matter. But it wasn't ended. Some weeks later the boy was home, and, meeting his father one day when a lot of his friends were around, he approached him very meekly.

"Please lend me your knife, papa," he said, after the manner of boys.

"Here it is," and the father handed the buckhorn over to him.

"Oh, I don't want it, thank you. I only wanted to know if they had got the knife, too."

And still the colonel seems to be prouder of his boy than ever.

FORTS SUMTER AND MOULTRIE.

Memorable Localities of Much Interest During the War.

Morris Island, where the famous "swamp angel" that bombarded Charleston during the war was located, is said to be picking up, and Fort Johnson, which stands across the channel from Fort Sumter and Moultrie, is now the quarantine station.

It gives one a melancholy feeling to visit Fort Moultrie and see the crumbling casements and the portholes buried under shifting sand. That fort is entitled to a number of tablets. It should have one to commemorate the memorable battle that took place there in 1776. There is a monument in Charleston to Sergt. Jasper and another in Savannah, but there ought to be some tablet in the fort to tell how the gunners in the fort to tell how the gunners got over the casemates to the beach and recovered the flag that had been shot away in that action. And there should be some record within the walls of Maj. Anderson's courage, yet I notice in the little guide that they sell here that "Anderson's spiking the guns at Fort Moultrie and taking possession of Fort Sumter constituted the first act of hostility in the war of secession."

Within the walls and near the portals of Fort Moultrie is the grave of Osceola, the famous Seminole chief, who died a prisoner there in 1888, and the inscription upon the stone describes him as a "patriot," which epithet is scarcely borne out by the records of he Seminole war.

It is a curious illustration of the characteristic conservatism of Charleston that photographs of Fort Moultrie or Fort Sumter cannot be purchased at any hotels or news-stands or book stores, and I heard a newsdealer at Charleston Hotel of four persons in succession that he did not keep a stock on hand because there was no demand for them.—Cor. Chicago Record.

Her Answer.

"Be mine," he whispered.

Something in the summer girl's manner warned him that he was no good.

"Don't say," she hastened to add, "that you are not old enough to accept me."

"Mr. Flathers," said the maiden, "I had not the least intention of saying that I was not old enough to accept you. I was about to remark in fact, that I was old enough not to accept you."—Indianapolis Journal.

A SPACE WRITER'S SCHEME.

Publisher Was Glad to Go Back to the Old Contract.

The trade for writing for the press "on space," that is, by the page, column or line, has given rise to many expedients to fill space with as little effort as possible. Many followers of this occupation have shown great ingenuity in getting as large an account of white paper as possible to their credit by making frequent paragraphs in their "copy." A French author who was once employed to contribute a continued story to a newspaper, and who was paid for his work by the line, was in the habit of introducing very frequently such passages as this into his story:

"Have you seen him?"
"I have."
"No!"
"Yes."
"Where?"
"Here."
"When?"
"To-day."
"Then he lives?'
"He does."
"Ah!"

The publisher of the newspaper at length rebelled at what he regarded as an attempt to make money out of him by sharp practice. He sent for the writer and said—

"I must have a new contract. We wil pay you hereafter by the letter and not by the line."

"But my contract says that I'm to be paid by the line."

"Yes, but your contract does not say that I shall not end the story when I please. If you do not consent I shall put the words 'The End' at the close of the next installment of your story and print no more of it."

The author pondered a minute.

"Very well," said he. "I will take my pay hereafter by the letter, providing you let the story run on until I have quite finished it."

"It is agreed," said the publisher.

When the publisher came to read the next installment of the story he found that the author had introduced two new characters who stammered dreadfully, and whose talk ran after this manner:

"C-c-c-c-c-c-c-can you not b-b-b-b-break the d-d-d-d-dreadful news g-g-g-g-g-g-gently to our m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-master"

"N-n-n-n-ne-e-e-e-e-e-ver. G-g-g-gaston," murmured the grief stricken Valentine. "I should r-r-r-r-r-r-rather b-b-b-b-burst upon him s-s-s-s-s-s-s-suddenly with the ann-n-n-n-n-nou-ou-ouncement, and not prolong his s-s-s-s-sufferings with sus-p-p-p-pe-e-e-e-nse!"

The horrified publisher saw before him, in this sort of dialogue, the possibility of the indefinite continuance of a story paid for by the letter, which was little less than a dreadful and terribly costly alphabetically procession. He sent for the author and restored the old arrangement.

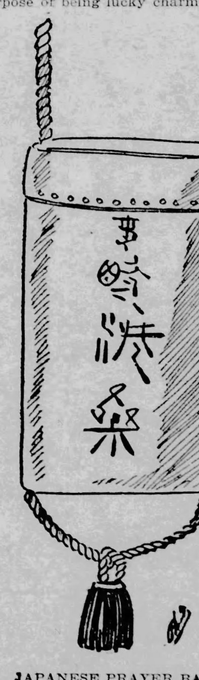
As soon as the author again began to collect his pay by the line, poor, stuttering Gaston and Valentine were overtaken by an untimely fate, and the short paragraphs were resumed.—Washington Post.

JAPANESE PRAYER BAGS.

Evidences of Idolatry Found on a Lot of Coolies.

The immigration inspectors at San Francisco examined a lot of Japanese coolies a few days ago, and found that each one had strung about his neck a kamisama or praying bag. These bags contain prayers written on silk or stout paper and are specially addressed to the possessor's household god.

The Japs pay their Buddhist and Shinto priests from 1 to 2 cents for these prayers, which serve the double purpose of being lucky charms as well



JAPANESE PRAYER BAG.

as prayers, says the San Francisco Call. The priests bless the charms upon receipt of the cash. The possessor prays by sliding the little pouch up and down the strings and saying something similar to "These are my sentiments." He is very particular that these prayer bags and charms shall not be profaned by the touch of a Christian forefinger, and resists the deputy's efforts to find letters near the little sacred pouch which reposes on the stomach of the faithful. For this reason the intelligent Jap does not carry letters near the bag. When the Jap is particularly anxious to have his god answer his prayer he removes the cover from the top of the pouch and prays with the paper in his hand.

Still another evidence of Japanese superstition is shown by the lucky stones they nearly all (professed Christians as well) carry in their pockets. In Japan the women place locks of their hair and the men place smooth stones the size of walnuts at the feet of their idols. After a certain time these locks of hair and the stones become sacred and are either carried in their garments or worn suspended around their necks as charms to protect the wearer from evil and harm. The Japanese immigrants wear and carry the prayer bags and the sacred stones until they reach the missions, when they are hidden, so as to prevent white Christians from discovering these evidences of idolatry.

Desperate.

"Why was I born a queen?" she walled.

Amid all those trapping of state she mourned.

"Why was I born a queen?"

With an energy sprung from desperation she seized again her crown, and tried once more to bend it into an approximation of the prevailing shapes.—Detroit Tribune.

Visionary.

"Classmates," remarked the valedictorian, solemnly, "we shall find the world a cold world."

Like all valedictorians he was visionary.

Even as he spoke the world had reached 96 in the shade, and a man with a hectic flush and a melted collar sat in the weather bureau and predicted a hot wave.—Detroit Tribune.

WOMAN IN BLACK TIGHTS.

Created a Sensation in Sleepy Old St. Louis.

A woman bicyclist in black tights is the sensation of the hour in St. Louis. Nobody seems to know who she is, which adds mystery to the affair. When she made her appearance on the streets about a week ago there was nearly a riot. By one of the specta-

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

tors she is described as a coal black silhouette on a shining wheel; a sable female Mephisto; the clearest outline of the feminine form ever seen save as a stage "living picture."

Her garb consists of a skin-tight jersey or sweater, black tights from thighs to knees, black stockings from knees to feet, low cut shoes, black sailor hat, no skirt, even of the scantest pattern. Where she may have started from is unknown. Whether or not she has been followed by a mob from her starting point is also unknown. But when she swept into Linas avenue there was a mob along both sides of the street, and it was a noisy and deeply interested mob. The woman was not a good cyclist. It was evident that she had not yet mastered the wheel. Indications were that she had been so anxious to create a sensation with her startling suit of black tights and close-fitting sweater that she had been unable to wait until she was entirely mistress of the gentle art of wheeling.

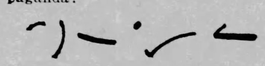
She wabbled on the run, and at one time dismounted hurriedly to avoid a fall. When she did so the mob howled and the doors and windows of the houses on that block were thronged with faces turned in that direction. The mysterious woman seemed frightened at the extent of the sensation she was causing. She had a way of glancing furtively about her as though dreading something.

REAL SPELLING REFORM.

The New York Sun Says to Go Back to Phonography.

The movement started, not without literary pretensions, to reform the spelling of English on the phonetic principle, will seem, after comparing its aims and possibilities, to be unaccountably shortsighted. It was formed for the purpose of making the writing of English simpler and shorter; to chop out the letters which have come to be regarded as needless excrescences, and whose only function to the rationalist is to use time and ink in their making. To wipe out these superannuated features of our orthography, of course, the philological value of non-phonetically spelled syllables has to be frankly thrown overboard. The theory is that sound must govern our writing, and not history. On reading over the changes proposed for the elision or re-arrangement of various particularly condemned letters and groups of letters according to the phonetic programme, we are struck, when reflecting upon the almost sacred philological principle to be sacrificed, with the pettiness of the result, says a writer in the New York Sun. For example, there is to be a little slaughtering in the extra d's and t's. "Theatre" is to become "theater." The standards of the scholar are to be replaced with the methods of Artemus Ward and Josh Billings, but the roundabout old combinations of syllables constructed in imitation of the sounds of speech now audible, are to remain, and, it is needless to say, unnecessarily.

Will any phoneticist consider the following really terse method of writing and not conclude that he is an infant in the nursery of his chosen propaganda?



Put into our old-fashioned, long-drawn-out, intelligible, and inflected English, these few simple strokes mean, "Let us go the whole hog." What is the use of shaving off here and there a portion of our abominably lengthy forms of writing, when we have at hand phonetics perfect and pure? If there could be a World's Phonetic convention to consider genuine reform without a vestige of the prejudices which present phoneticists pretend to despise, without doing so, in the compressed system of writing given above there would probably be found a practical key for the ideal Volapuk, or universal language so often attempted and so invariably a failure.

The most concise and widely understood language is the Sign language that used to be practiced on the prairies. If conventional symbols are to be substituted for the syllables which have come to us through the natural evolution of speech, why not go the whole hog and adopt the symbols of phonography?

Why It Failed.

"No, our onion social was not a success."

"Onion social! What is that?"

"Why, all of the girls stand up in a row, and one of them is selected to take a bite out of an onion. Then the young men pay 10 cents to guess who ate the onion."

"Yes."

"And if he guesses right he gets to kiss all the other girls."

"I see."

"And the girl who bit the onion kisses all the fellows who guess wrong. And that is where the row began. All of the girls wanted to be the onion girl. More fellows guess wrong than right, you know."—Cincinnati Tribune.

An Explanation.

"It is curious," said Wilkes, "how Great Britain dominates the world." "Very," said Barber, "but you can explain it. She never loses a chance to conquer others. Races that her armies do not overcome her pickles and her sauces do. Last year she exported £1,300,000 worth of pickles. Say you get ten pickles for a penny—each pound contains 240 pence—or 2,400 pickles. One million three hundred thousand times 2,400 is 3,120,000,000. The human race is strong, but it can't withstand as many pickles as that."—Harper's Bazar.

Technical Language.

Young Lady on the Grand Stand—"The impire called a foul, but I don't see even a feather."

Her Escort—"But you must remember that this is a picked nine."—Exchange

Our New Serial Story.

[Copyright, 1895, by ERNEST GLANVILLE.]

THE GOLDEN ROCK.

—BY—

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE FOSSICKERS," "A FAIR COLONIST," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTE XVII.—MISSING.

It seems as though the suspicions about the designs of Groot Piet and the Portuguese officer were groundless as for two weeks they trekked on without an obstacle. They reached the rolling bush country without further incident, and found greater obstacles of interest in the diversity of animal life.

One evening they drew up on a gentle rise above a river, and found themselves in the neighborhood of a Boer trek. About thirty tent wagons, gleaming white in the dark, were drawn up in ranks of ten, and the space around thronged with troops of cattle and herds of goats and sheep. This was a party of "Doppers," shifting ground to get away from the vain delights and irritating chatter of the uitlander, who had invaded the South in the wake of the gold miners. Their austere piety had risen in arms, and they were now in search of a remote spote where their eyes would not be offended by the spectacle of ungodly merriment. The men, with their dark sombre faces, drew near to offer the accustomed hand shake, but the women stood aloof, the younger ones giggling under their linen "kapjes," and the elder standing stolidly, their hands folded in their aprons.

"Who are you, and whence do you come, if I may be bold enough to ask?" was the first question of the male spokesman; and when Hume had courteously responded, there was one word spoke, and that was "tabak." A roll of tobacco was produced, plugs cut off, and shaved against the balls of the thumbs, all scored with knife cuts and blackened with tobacco. The fragments were solemnly rolled between the broads palms, the pipes filled, and lit with coals from the fire.

Then they squatted themselves on their heels and stared solemnly, making observations enough to supply them with slow conversations for a week on the frivolous manners of the strangers.

Hume answered all the questions, and then asked for information himself, from which he learned that they had arrived at a good place for a halt, grass being good and water plentiful, with game in fair numbers a few miles distant from the road. They were told of a sle five miles off, where some of the large antelopes gathered at sunrise, and getting the direction from the stars, Frank and Webster determined to walk there that night so as to lose no time.

After leaving a note with Klaas, now her humble slave, for Miss Anstrade, who had retired some time previously to her tent, and after seeing the oxen tied up to the trek tow, they set off with their guns, guided by the stars.

Now and then a startled antelope would bound away, or a porcupine or ant-bear roll grunting across their track, while the notes of players and ducks flying overhead broke complainingly on the quiet air. Before morning, they saw the faint ghostly gleam of water below them, and lay down to wait for the first break of day, when they rose to take their bearings, so that they should not miss the route on their return, a catastrophe very likely to happen even to experienced hunters in the bush country. Separating, they each selected a hiding place, by the water, and before long the cracks of their rifles rang out sharply. Hume secured a fine sable antelope, while Webster, over estimating the size of a buck, which loomed large in the mist, had no luck. After shifting ground, and walking for an hour, they each met with success. Some time was spent in galoching the quarry, after which a fire was lit; they had a bath, and then roasted a steak of venison on the glowing coals. Then they covered the bodies with bushes, and picking up their course, returned to the outspan, which they reached at noon.

They stood at the border of the bush struck with dismay and surprise. The open space so crowdad the night before was now deserted. A few thin streaks of smoke rose from a number of white ash heaps, two or three ringed crows croaked and gabbed hoarsely from a withered thorn, but there was nothing else.

"Why," said Webster, tilting his broad hat back, "you've made the wrong port."

Hume walked out into the open, and stood by a heap of ashes.

"This is the spot," he said; "here are the marks of our scherm poles; and there," pointing to the dent of a small heel, "is her spoor."

"Then, where is the wagon?"

Hume pointed to the broad tracks of the wagon wheels leading north.

"What the devil——! Then she has moved away. Those swabs of niggers have mutinied, and cleared. And we were fools enough to trust them. Thank God, they can't be far!"

"Then come on, man; with a trail like those wheel marks before us we can overtake them before dark;" and without more words Webster strode rapidly on, soon to disappear into the wagon road, which struck into the bush beyond.

Hume, however, stood by the dead fire, resting on his gun as though stupefied, but his keen eyes ranging over every inch of ground belied this. So far from being dazed, his faculties were fully alert, and presently he began quartering the ground in widening circles until he reached the edge of the bush, when he stopped under a spreading mimosa. Stooping, he picked up a half-consumed cigarette, and then went at a trot after Webster, whom he met returning in a state of white fury.

"You take it very coolly,' he growled, "lingering like this when every minute is precious. The trail has been blotted out by a thousand hoof marks, and there is no more a sign than a ship makes on the water. Why the devil don't you suggest something?"

"Look here," said Hume, holding out the fragments of cigarette.

"There is no time to trifle," said Webster, eyeing the thing impatiently.

"No Boer smokes cigarettes."

"Well?"

"Portuguese Go."

"What! Good heavens! Has Gobo taken her off?"

Hume ground his teeth. "I knew it," he said; "I knew when those fellows took the trouble to speak to our boys on the sly that there was some devilment afoot. But I thought they had missed their chance of playing some spiteful trick on us and had gone back. They must have had us in view all along until the opportunity offered. Last night their chance came, and they have gone off under cover of the Dopper trail."

"If they are with the Doppers we can easily overtake them!"

"No, they would keep ahead of the 'trek' for a mile or so, to hide their spoor; then they would fall behind and make off by some by path or through the veld. Now you skirt along the left side of the road, keeping watch for any wagon track turning aside, while I go along the right."

They went on rapidly in complete silence, with knit brows, and a fierce eagerness at the thought of soon meeting our adversary. For the greater part of the road passed through thickets of mimosas near enough together to prevent a lumbering wagon from passing; at other parts there were small banks where the ground had been cut into by the heavy wheels, and these would at once have shown signs where a wagon turned off; and, at long intervals only, were stretches of hard, sun-baked ground, on which the track of wheels could only be faintly seen.

At last Hume made a sign to Webster, and turned sharply off to the right, along the track of a solitary wagon and just at dusk they saw the gleam of white, amid a cluster of thorns. Forgetting their weariness, they started off at a run, which did not slacken until they came within a hundred yards, when Hume, with a gasp, drew up.

The wagon was their truly; but there was an unusual silence about. No fire glared, the sails were down, the oxen were not near, and there were no signs of life.

Slowly they went up, with a nameless fear at their hearts. The tent was empty, and the contents had been tumbled about and rifled.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE GAIKA.

The two friends stood a moment gazing blankly at the empty wagon; then Webster clambered in to see if, by any chance, Miss Anstrade had left a message, while Hume, in the fading light, hunted slowly around for spoor of hoof marks. Darkness, however, soon closed, and they sat down with their faces in their hands.

"The infernal scoundrels," muttered Webster, springing up in a moment, "the cowardly hounds, if they had a grudge against us, why could they not have wrecked their spite on us? It is some mad freak, do you think, of that crack-brained Dutchman?"

Hume was silent.

"Come, Frank," said Webster, stepping up to his friend, "have you no idea? I am at a loss in the veld; but you, who have been here before, should have some confidence."

"I made certain she would be with the wagon," said Hume, drearily, "and now my ideas won't take shape."

"Man, we've not eaten since the morning. Let us get a fire alight, and then, when we have had some food, we may hit upon something."

Hume rose up slowly, and in a few minutes a bright fire was burning, with a kettle in position. Food was brought out from the locker, and once more they sat down, looking silently at the cracking flames. Coffee was made and sipped burning hot from iron pannikins, then almost mechanically they lit their pipes. The fire gradually burnt away and they were left in darkness.

"Well," said Webster.

"We have over-run the spoor."

"How could we, when here stands the wagon?"

"She never came as far as this. The wagon was brought on here to lead the way. They met the wagon on the road, and have gone off in a direction opposite to this. They may have circled round, struck the road below the old 'outspan' and returned towards Pretoria."

"Good heavens, then they may be fifty miles away."

"Aye, and we are an foot."

Webster groaned "What next?"

"It is possible the Dutchman has a house somewhere in these parts, and, if so, we may find her before it is too late."

"Then let us start. With a lantern it is possible to distinguish hoof marks in the dust, and by daylight we would have so much gained."

"Come, then."

The lantern was secured, and they strode off rapidly, Hume whistling.

"For God's sake, stop that," growled Webster, after some signs of annoyance.

Hume whistled the louder.

"Don't let us quarrel," said Webster, gravely, "but quarrel we must if you don't stop that noise. It's brutal."

"If it displeases you I'll sing instead," and Hume broke out with a wild chorus, his voice sounding strangly hoarse and out of tune.

Webster gave one fierce look towards his companion, then strole ahead, while Hume rolled out a medley of song with a certain nervous catch in his voice.

"Look here, Hume," said Webster, suddenly stopping, "what is the meaning of this conduct?"

"Go on," said Hume, catching his friend by the arm. "When I went to get the lantern I fancied I saw the figure of a man disappear from the far side of the wagon. It is probably one of our boys returning for more loot; light the lantern now and keep on down the road, making as much noise as you can, while I lie in wait for him."

"Don't let him escape! Wouldn't it be better if we both went after him?"

"No," said Hume briefly, "leave him to me."

Webster went away down the road, swinging his lantern, and making, in his excitement, vain attempts to sing, while Hume crouched down to the ground for some minutes before beginning his stealthy advance towards the wagon, whose position he guessed. When at last he caught the faint gleam of the white canvas he slowly circled round, and then crouched down to listen. To his great relief he heard some one at work in the wagon, turning over the goods, and carefully he crept forward till he reached the desselboom, where he could hear the exclamations of the man inside as he groped among the packages. The echo of Webster's song—which had come fitfully—ceased, and the man, clicking his tongue, jumped to the ground, stood listening a moment, then went round to the fire, where he could be heard blowing at a coal. Hume slipped round the wagon, saw a dark figure crouching at the fire, the glow of the coal as he blew on it throwing out his round head, noiselessly stepped forward, then flung himself on the Kaffir, burying his face in the pile of ashes.

There was a smothered cry, a fierce struggle, and Hume dragged the man to the desselboom and bound him fast with rheims.

Then Hume hollowed his hands and sent a shout ringing through the night to recall Webster, having first satisfied himself that his prisoner was Klaas the driver.

Webster did not delay his return, and it was not long before he ran up, guided by the fire, which Hume had restarted.

"Have you got him?"

"Yes, lashed tight to the wagon."

"Thank God for that. Let's look at him. Ah, you black devil, what have you done with the lady?"

Klaas blinked at the lantern, then sullenly looked away.

Webster drew a sjambok from the side of the wagon, a formidable weapon made from rhinoceros hide, and made it whistle through the air.

"Now, I'll make you speak. Where is the lady?"

Klaas looked at the sjambok, and clicked with his tongue in token of defiance.

"Leave him to me," interposed Hume, quietly. "Of what people are you," he asked of the native; "a Makatese?"

Klaas gave klick.

"A Fingo?"

"Yoh," he exclaimed, with a flash from his small black eyes.

"Well, then, of what people?"

"A Gaika of the house of Krell!"

Frank looked at the man steadily, then suddenly spoke in Kaffir:

"You a Gaika; and you come like a dog of a Fingo, in the night, to rob those who have served you well, after playing the part of a jackal to the men who carried off the lady."

The Kaffir made a sharp exclamation when he heard Hume speak his own tongue, gave him a swift, startled look, then hung his head.

"Well, Gaika, what do you say before this baas puts the marks of disgrace upon you with the sjambok?"

The Kaffir lifted his head.

"What did the master say about the lady?"

"I said she had been carried away; but why repeat it when you helped?"

"It is true, baas, I would have taken one of the things from the wagon—the thing that plays; but I did not know that the lady had been taken."

"You lie"

"Yoh!"

"Why did you steal away when we came? Was it not because your heart was black?"

"Because the things had been disturbed by that Makatese boy. Let me speak. When the baas went to shoot there came a white man, with writing, saying we were to inspan and trek, so that the wagon would be near where the baas was shooting. We inspanned, and one white man came along. He said this was the place to outspan. In the morning another white man came with a cart, which drew up over there beyond the thick bush. They said the lady would go with them until you came back. Then I went off with the oxen to the water, and when I came back the cart was gone, and the lady and the white men, also the leader, and the things in the wagon were disturbed. So my heart was afraid, and I went back to the oxen."

"Is this story true?"

"Eweh, Inkose, it is true."

Hume took the lantern and went over to the bush, beyond which he found the tracks of a cart.

Returning, he released the Kaffir, and told him to prepare food for himself. He then related to Webster what he had just heard.

They snatched a few hours' needful sleep, and were aroused before daybreak by the Kaffir, whom they had left seated by the fire.

"Ah," said Webster, as his eyes fell upon the Kaffir, "I confess I expected he would have slipped off in the night, and his presence here is hopeful."

"A Gaika, like us, is a stranger in this country. We have talked to him in his language, and he will stick to us like a burr. We must trust the wagon to its own fate, I suppose?"

"Aye, I could not stay behind. Nor could you."

"We must trust the Kaffir then. Klaas!"

"Baas!"

"Bring the oxen near the wagon, and don't let anyone take our goods."

CHAPTER XIX—FOUND!

The two young men were about to start when the Kaffir suddenly gave vent to an exclamation, at the same time inclining his head to a listening attitude.

"What is it?" asked Webster.

"Hush!" muttered Hume, who was now also listening.

The Kaffir slipped away into the bush on the left, and Hume, with a word to Webster, ran off to the right.

A moment later Webster heard the gallop of a horse and ran forward with his rifle cocked, expecting he knew not what. Rapidly the hoof beats attrack sharper through the air, there was a crash of branch, a cry from the Kaffir, and a white horse cleared a bush and drew up. Had the rider turned round and would have fallen had not Webster leapt forward in time. It was a slight boyish form he took in his arms, but as he was stooping with his burden to the ground he saw the face.

"Laura—Miss Anstrade," he cried, trembling as he laid her head on his knee.

"Have you stopped the horse?" cried Hume, as he darted up.

Webster held up a hand warningly, and Hume went down on his knees, and the two of them, with white faces, gazed at the insensible figure.

Her short riding-habit was torn to shreds, her hands were scratched and bleeding, and across her white forehead there was an ugly red wale. Her hat was gone, and the heavy plaits of her black hair had broken loose from their bindings.

Presently, as they leaned over her, half paralyzed by conflicting emotion of joy, fear, and surprise, she opened her eyes, struggled to her feet, and sprang to the side of the horse.

"Laura," they cried.

"Ah, heavens, it is you. I thought—" she looked round wildly, then fainted dead away, and once more they bent over her.

"It is she, surely," said Webster.

"Yes, poor girl, and look at her hands, how they have been torn;" and Hume gently pressed his lips to the fingers he held.

"Some water," cried Webster.

"Yes, you run for the water;" and Hume passed his arm under the graceful head.

Webster looked fiercely across at his friend. "I can support her, you go for the water."

"Klaas," cried Hume, "water, quick!"

Klaas, who had been standing near, hurried up with a tin of water, which both young men attempted to take, the result being that the contents were spilt.

"It appears you wish to quarrel," said Hume.

"No, sir; but it is my right to support her, since I first met her."

"You are the first to break the contract which yourself suggested," said Hume, bitterly; then, quickly rising, he went to the wagon, to return with a drop of brandy. A few water was scattered on the white brow, and when presently the dark eyes opened again, the cup was held to her lips.

She rose up slowly, and looked long at them.

"Ah, my brothers," she said, "you must not leave me again."

"Take my arm to the wagon," said Hume, tenderly.

"Let me carry you," whispered Webster, as gently.

She looked at her wounded hands, and smiled, but when she saw the forlorn condition of her dress her feminine instincts rose in alarm. "Gracious heavens," she murmured, "what a fright," and vanished into the shelter of the wagon tent without support from either.

The two friends regarded each other with cold looks, then fell apart without a word.

"Baas," said Klaas, in Kaffir, "here come more breed."

Hume picked up his double express and ran forward into the bush, while Webster, with gloomy and hovering brow, mounted guard at the wagon.

"Hullo, Frank," came a shout.

"Verdomde," came a startled reply, "what say you?"

"Drop that gun; drop it;" there was the dull sound of the gun falling. "Now come along."

Horse and rider advanced into the open space, and Piet Coetzee sat in the saddle, casting uneasy glances about him.

"Dismount," said Hume, sternly.

Slowly the young giant swung himself to the ground, and stood sullenly regarding his enemies under his straight brows.

"Take the horse, Klaas, and the baas's gun, and keep watch beyond the bush."

The Kaffir obeyed with a grin.

"Now, Piet Coetzee," said Hume, with a hard look in his keen blue eyes, and a twitching of his lips, "if you have anything to say why you should not be tied to the wagon wheel and flogged, say it."

Coetzee flushed to his eyes, then folded his arms. "I am not a black man that you should speak of flogging."

"It is a question of crime and not of color."

"Beware what you do or say," said Piet, threateningly; "if you flog a Boer you will be a dead man before the sun has risen again."

"Come—have you anything to say?"

"What have I done?"

Hume picked up a rheim, made a running noose, and stepped up to the young Boer.

"I will kill you first!" hissed Piet, doubling his great fist.

"Be quiet," said Webster, "or I will shoot."

"Oh, yes; you are two to one, and I am unarmed. Cowards!"

"And you were two to one when you took away the young lady," said Hume, and he slipped the noose over the broad shoulders and tightened it.

"My God! you will not flog me?"

"I will."

"But it is a dog's punishment. It will disgrace me for ever. Shoot me."

Hume pushed the end of the rheim through the spokes and pulled on it, then made a hitch. The young Boer placed his foot against the rim, exerted his strength, and snapped the strong hide.

"Now," he shouted furiously, "I will make you shoot," and with a bound he seized the pole of the scherm and whirled it round his head.

"What is this?" said a fresh voice, and Miss Anstrade, looking her old self except for the angry red mark above her forehead, and the wounds on her white hands, stepped forward.

"This is one of the men who carried you away," said Hume, "and I threatened to flog him unless he could explain."

"It is not so," said Piet, furiously; "you threatened me first and asked me nothing."

"Put your guns down," said Miss Anstrade.

The two friends obeyed.

She walked quietly up to Piet and took the pole from his hand.

"You are angry," she said, quietly.

"They threatened to flog me—me—a Boer in my own country. Verdomde, when my people hear of it they will whip every uitlander in the place."

"Perhaps they will ask your forgiveness; and what has brought you here?"

"I followed you," he said.

"Yes, true, you followed me, and why——"

"Because—because—" he dropped his eyes.

"Because I rode away."

"Yes on my horse."

"It was your horse you wanted, then?"

"Because I loved you, and my horse which had run away with you."

She laughed. "I see, it was the horse that ran away with me; it was the horse that caused my hands to be torn; it was the horse in the night when my friends were away and carried me off by force." The smile was on her lips still, but there was such a look of scorn from her eyes that he trembled.

"I do not understand," he said humbly.

You know that I was taken from my friends at night, and you must understand, surely, that that was the act of robbers."

"But he said you wished to escape."

"Who?"

"That Portuguese Gobo. He told me you were of his country, and that these men were carrying you off into the desert, so that they could benefit from your death without being detected."

"Is this the tru

am turning into a second Rip Van Winkle."

"We are like a party of disreputable gypsies," said Miss Anstrade, with a look at Hume, whose boots were torn and whose outward appearance was scarcely an improvement on the many patched garments of Klaas. "Let us get into a new outfit and do you men act the barber to each other."

"Before recovering our respectability," said Hume, "we must overhaul the wagon, grease the axles, re-pack, mend, and patch up."

Towards evening, after several hours of hard work, the camp presented a trim appearance, and the three sat down to dinner off wild ducks, and sand grouse, quite smartened up, and in good spirits once again. The map of Old Hume the Hunter was brought out and studied now on the very ground over which he had passed on his adventurous journey, and they found themselves in their growing excitement, looking away to the southeast to where the shadowy outlines of lofty mountains showed dark against the sky. Some where within that rugged casket lay the treasure that throughout the centuries had remained for them alone, and the flickering light shining upon their faces showed the flush in their cheeks as the thoughts of what its possession would mean flamed in their brains; revealed also the stern look that on one man at the other at the second thought that, bound up with that treasure of gold was that other treasure of a beautiful woman.

"Beyond that mountain," she said, dreamily, "lies Europe, ambition, power, pleasure, love. I wonder which of these you will follow when the mountains have given up their secret?"

And as they talked there came through the darkness a startling cry as of a human soul in agony—so wild, so sudden, that they leant towards each other, and Klaas bolted under the wagon with a cry of "amapakati"—wizard.

Again it was repeated, a long quivering cry.

Hume took his rifle from where it stood against the wagon, and bidding Webster stay, slipped into the darkness. The minutes passed by slowly to those two, standing with bated breath, listening for any cry or token that would break the spell. Ten minutes, twenty minutes, half an hour, went wearily by, and still there was no sign; then Webster shouted, but without response, then fired his rifle.

"I must go after him," he said.

"And I will go too. We should not have let him face that terrible darkness alone."

"I will go alone."

"No, no. I cannot stay behind.Let me get the lantern," she said feverishly, and quickly unhitched the lantern from its hook under the canvas "scherm" at the same time picking up her rifle.

"This way," said Webster, and they descended rapidly the slope leading to the river, from which there came a ripping noise strangely mysterious in the dark. The shaft of light swept around from left to right over rocks and anthills, and nodding bushes, and at every dark object they strained their eyes. Then there came a sound that chilled their blood, the noise of a body falling in the water, followed by a deep groan.

"Frank," she cried; "Frank, where are you?"

The reply came unexpected and startling:

"Hume is dead," replied a voice, hollow and unnatural; "and so will perish all who try to find his secret."

Miss Anstrade shuddered with horror, and clutched Webster by the arm. "What is it?" she asked in a thrilling tone.

With an answering shudder Webster threw up his gun and fired in the direction of the voice. After the brilliant flash the darkness closed in blacker than before, and while the echoes of the report had rolled away in the sullen mutterings down the valley the silence was the deeper. They waited long, then went on quickly to the river, where they stood above the rushing waters, looking at the gleam upon the dark water, and listening with pale faces and beating hearts to faint whisperings and gurgling noises. Webster put his mouth to Miss Anstrade's and called, but nothing from the first attempt but a hoarse whisper, and he called again. There was no answer but the wail of a jackal, and after that the far off booming of a lion's roar.

A deep sigh came to their straining ears, followed by a confused noise.

"Oh," she cried, "if I could only see what forms there are about I would not be afraid."

"I think that noise is from the oxen," said Webster, calmly.

"Baas," came a warning shout, "pass op de leeuw!"

"That is Klaas—what does he cry? The leeuw—the lion—is it not? Ah, that is better. Give me the lantern again."

She took the lantern, while Webster, with his rifle ready, kept by her shoulder, and they slowly advanced, following the shaft of light for the reflection of the lion's eyes. Presently an ox moaned, there was a sound of horns clashing as the oxen bunched together, then the ground trembled to the roar of a lion, followed by the sudden crash and crashing of branches. When they reached the wagon there was not an ox remaining. The Galka, who loved his own oxen, was raging about with a lighted brand in one hand and an assegai in the other, hurling insults at the lion.

"Mij ossa," he said; "mij mooi swaartbonte; oh; verdomde leeuw!"

"Where is the Baas?" asked Webster, at his wit's end.

"The Baas is dead," cried the Galka; "mij ossa es dood, und ek is dood."

Webster took the Kaffir by the arm and shook him. "Stop this noise and build up the fire."

Klaas obeyed, piling dead brushwood on the coals till the flames mounted up and shone on the white canvas and on the pale faces of Miss Anstrade and Webster, who stood looking out into the darkness for their missing friend. From far there sounded the wild bellow of an ox, followed presently by the complaining, wailing cry of a jackal and the devilish laugh of a hyena.

"The lion eats," muttered the Kaffir. They longed for the light of day to reveal the dark mystery that hedged them in, and, above all, the meaning of that voice and its warning.

"Klaas, did you hear some one calling before I fired the first time?"

"Neh, sier. I heard the lady call, and then the voice of the jackal, who led the lion here."

"Can we have been mistaken?" she whispered; "and yet I heard it plainly, 'Hume is dead, and so will perish all who seek his secret.'"

"He cannot be dead," said Webster, fiercely; "I will search again."

This time Miss Anstrade remained by the fire, her rifle across her knees, and her eyes following the will-o'-the-wisp-like flashings of the lantern, while out of the blackness there rang the voice of Webster, alternately calling for Hume, mournful cry that drew no response but the murmur of the river, and the still more plaintive call of a plover overhead.

Before the morning, completely worn out, they dozed at their posts, and when there was light enough to show the ground the Galka slipped away like a shadow towards the river, examining the ground as he went, with his body bent and his thin, wide nostrils quivering. Reaching the river, he dwelt awhile over the spoor made by Webster, picking up an empty cartridge, then went up to the right, and presently, with a startled look, darted forward to where there projected the butt end of a rifle from the reeds. It was Hume's, and as he lifted it his quick glances roamed over the ground, noting the bruised grass, and then with a "voh" he jumped back, for a man stood beneath a tree looking at him with feverish eyes.

"Yimy," said Klaas, fingering his assegai, and stooping his head to get a clearer view of the figure which was in the shade, then he rushed to the tree with a cry, "Baas, Baas."

It was indeed Frank Hume, gagged, and fastened to a mimosa tree.

As the sun streamed over the valley the two sleepers by the dying fire awakened, and their haggard faces told how real had been the nightmare of the long night. The missing man lay in a thick blanket over the river, and they shuddered to think what tragedy lay concealed under that winding sheet, then started up to the sound of muffled voices, and the next minute advanced to meet two forms that loomed up vast.

"Hillon!" came a hail, in a well-known voice.

"Thank God," cried Webster, springing forward but Miss Anstrade stood with her hand to her heart, looking wildly at this apparition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Mule With a Memory.

The remarkable memory of a mule that was driven to Texas from this country ten or twelve years ago was shown the last year when he was taken back to the neighborhood of his old home. The mule was driven to Texas by Sam Strange, who lived in the Glenfork neighborhood, and was brought back by Jonathan Watson. The first night after his arrival he broke away and went immediately to his old home, where he kept his characteristic voice floating upon the night air until daylight. It is supposed from his actions that he, like most people that go from here to Texas, and return, had enough of that country, and was glad to get back.—Columbia Spectator.

In a Christian Spirit.

Judge—Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with breaking into the complainant's store and carrying away a large amount of goods. What have you to say in your own defense?

Burglar—I did it, your honor, out of compassion. He had a sign up that he was selling his goods less than cost, and by talking them I saved a big loss—see?—Boston Transcript.

Not Very Much Difference.

Young Dudeton (in the milliner's store)—Let me have one of these fancy little boutonnieres.

The Milliner—That isn't a boutonniere. It is a bonnet.—Chicago Record.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

Dishonesty and Caste, by Ethel Davis, is a little book of much value which is published by the Home Science Publishing company, of Boston. It is made up of short essays upon such subjects as the following: House Furnishing; Entertaining; Domestic Service; Housekeeping and Home Making; Education, etc. The writer evidently thinks for herself, and tells what she thinks in a straightforward way that makes her statements interesting even if disagreeing with one's own ideas.

The Miller of Glenmire is an Irish story by Con T. Murphy, a well-known play writer. There are humor and pathos combined in the story, and Shamus will not soon be forgotten. The plot is full of incident and will interest the reader. Published by G. W. Parker, 171 E. Madison street, Chicago.

The Fishes of North America has reached its seventh part, and very beautiful it is in its illustrations. The two denizens of the deep whose pictures are given here, are the small mouthed Black Bass and the Striped Bass. The description is exceedingly interesting. Mr. Harris is doing a splendid piece of work for those who are making studies of the fishes in American waters. The series is published by the Harris Publishing company, 19 Park Place, New York city.

Foam of the Sea and Other Tales, by Gertrude Hall, the author of Far From To-Day, Allegretto, etc., is published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. Six stories are included in the volume under the following titles: Foam of the Sea; In Battlereagh House; Powers of Darkness; The Late Returning; The Wanderers, and Gordon Deadly. They are very brightly told, full of stirring incidents, and make pleasant reading.

T. Y. Crowell & Company, New York city, issue in a pretty volume, a collection of short stories entitled Old Man Sanarin and Other Stores, by Edward William Thomson. These are fourteen in number, dealing with different phases of life. Several of them portray the quaint manners and customs of the French Canadians, and here Mr. Thomson shows himself to be perfectly at home in their picturesque broken English which he renders, not with an elaboration that makes it unreadable, but with the briskness which comes of giving the idioms that mark the race and the individual. Homer and pathos are both characteristics of these tales and the dramatic quality is never lacking.

Another book from the same publishers entitled How Tommy Saved the Barn, is by James Otis. The story tells of the arrival and sojourn at a Maine farm of three little city waifs; one, a lame boy; the second, a mature and wise little girl, the third, the lively and lovable Tommy, who, being wide-awake, under the novelty of his experiences, detected some tramps entering the barn and by his vigilance puts out the fire that they accidentally set before it does any more damage than burning his face and hands. The story reads like a transcript from real life, and will specially appeal to those who are interested in the beneficent work of the "Fresh Air Fund."

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York city, publish in their Heroes of Nations, the story of Julian, Pagan Emperor and Emperor, and the Last Struggle of Paganism Against Christianity, by Alice Gardner, who has done her work well. Julian is but little known in these days, and the present volume will do much to bring him to the knowledge of the present time people. She invests the character and life of Julian with a decided fascination and throws light upon the history of those times. It is a valuable number in this excellent series.

The Company Doctor, by Henry Edward Hood, is a story written as so many of the present day stories are, with a purpose and that to arouse the American people to a realization of the dangers that will result from unrestricted immigration. The incidents are, in the main, true, some of them vouched for by the author, and others by persons of character and repute. The story is well told, is interesting and should find many readers. It is published by The Merriam Company, of New York.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, publish The Master-Knot and Another Story, by Conover Duff. The story is told by means of letters, and is done with a good deal of power.

In the Unknown Library from The Cassell Publishing Co., Union Square, New York, comes Dr. Endicott's Experiment, a pretty story, well told by Adeline Sargeant, with enough of tragedy and mystery to hold the reader to the end, without being too sensational.

After To-Morrow, by the author of The Green Carnation, is a story intensely told in a few pages and hinging upon the resistance to a sore temptation. It is published in the Violet series by the Merriam company, of New York.

Not Up to Date.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntossel, "the world moves an' we orter move with it. But I'm afeard that out in this part o' the country we're purty nigh certain ter get left."

"What's the matter, Josiar?"

"We're livin' on the slowest rail road on earth."

"That's a fact."

"The clock's never less'n four hours slow."

"Never."

"Well, I've discovered that it's wuss'n that. I looked at the thermometer an' that's three months behindhand at the lowest calc'lation."—Washington Star.

Nazr' Ullah's Rupees.

The Afghan Prince now in England was given, so we are told, two lacs of rupees, about $100,000, to spend in England. If he strikes that baccarat crowd at White's the money may last him a week. If he plays the races it may last him a month, but if he plays with the Carlton club folks he will lack his rupees in a few hours, a lac of $50,000, or £10,000, being not at all uncommon. Like the monarch of Siam, he will look at his empty purse and then write home for more.—Chattanooga Times.

The Exchanges.

Oh, the old familiar faces of the old exchanges, weekly
And daily, or whenever they come fluttering white and pink!
However great the editors, they still acknowledge, meekly,
That still the bright exchanges make their scissors clink and clink!

—Atlanta Constitution.

Due to the Weather.

Housekeeper—Your milk is as thin as water to-day.

Milkman—Well, mum, it was very foggy this morning when we milked.—New York Weekly.

The Past Guarantees The Future

The fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured thousands of others is certainly sufficient reason for belief that it will cure you. It makes pure, rich healthy blood, tones and strengthens the nerves, and builds up the whole system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to get HOOD'S and Only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6—No answers by mail.

In Case the House Elects.

R. C. F., Gainess, N. Y., asks: "Do you think there are enough free silver men in Congress to prevent the election of a straight Republican as President, in case the election should be thrown in the House?"

The Constitution of the United States provides that, in case of no choice by the Presidential electors, the House of Representatives shall choose a President; and it then provides as follows:

"But, in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; * * and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice."

There are 44 states now, and probably Utah will be admitted by that time, making 45. It will require the votes of 23 states to be a majority. There are 27 states which have either entirely Republican representation in the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress, or in which a majority of the Representatives are Republican. This will elect a Republican President, and there will be no way for the free silver men to prevent it.

A Mysterious Question.

"E. G.," Ten Mile, Mo., asks: "What does this clause mean: 'Borrower has privilege of paying $100 or any multiple at maturity of any coupon?'"

It means that whenever a coupon is due, the borrower has the privilege of paying $100 on his debt, or any number of even hundreds of dollars, but not a sum less than $100.

Gov. Shannon's Wives.

We thank E. A. P., of Smithfield, O., for the following answer to a recent query:

"Governor Shannon was twice married. His first wife was Miss Betsy Ellis, of St. Clairsville, Belmont Co., Ohio. The second was Miss Sarah Osborn, of Cadiz, Harrison Co., a beautiful woman. I was born in St. Clairsville in 1816, and was personally acquainted with the Governor and both of his wives."

Weight of the Silver Dollar.

J. W. B., Rockford, Ala., asks: "As you are discussing the financial question in your columns, I would like to know if the law of 1792 fixed the number of grains of gold that should be put in a gold dollar? And how was the amount that was to be put in the silver dollar ascertained?"

The law of 1792, in naming the coins, began with the eagle. It says:

"Eagles—each to be of the value of ten dollars or units, and to contain 247 4-8 grains of pure, or 270 grains of standard gold." It is not much of a strain on the human mind to see that the dollar was one-tenth of that amount of gold, or 24¾ grains.

The amount to be put in the silver dollar was thus ascertained: Hamilton said, in his "Report on the Establishment of a Mint," that "24 6-8 grains of pure gold have corresponded with the nominal value of the (silver) dollar in the several states." He had already selected the ratio of 15 to 1. Thus 15 times 24¾ grain equals 371¼ grains—the amount of pure silver in the silver dollar. Its weight was thus derived from the amount of gold the Spanish silver dollar would buy, and not for the weight of the Spanish coins; for Hamilton assayed them, and found 37 grains of pure silver in those sound years old, and but 368 grains in the later issues. The average of these would be 371, not 371¼. So it is perfectly clear Hamilton derived the weight of the silver dollar from its gold value, as stated above.

The Bland Act of 1878.

H. N., Centralia, Wash., writes: "Please give date of law remonetizing silver and short history of same for benefit of new subscribers. Many Populists still contend that silver has never been remonetized."

The Bland Act became a law February 28, 1878, and its provisions regarding the legal tender quality of the silver dollar are the law to-day. The act was entitled, "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar and to restore its legal tender character." Its first section says:

"There shall be coined at the several mints of the United States, silver dollars of the weight of 412½ grains Troy, of standard silver, as provided in the act of January 18, 1837, on which shall be the devices and superscriptions provided by said act; which coins, together with all silver dollars heretofore coined by the United States, of like weight and fineness, shall be a legal tender at their nominal value, for all debts and dues, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract."

The Populists must be densely ignorant if they do not know of an act passed seventeen years ago. Regarding your other question, there is nothing more certain than that the act of 1873 was not passed surreptitiously. It is absurd to say so.

Chile's Silver.

G. L. B., Aurora, Neb., writes: "I see in an exchange that you assert that a recent experiment in Chile has proved that an undervalued metal does not leave the country. Please send me a clipping of your article, and reference to authorities."

The exchange was mistaken. What we published was a cable item concerning Chile's efforts to go on a gold standard, including the important fact that she was coining silver at about 33 to 1 (we forget the exact ratio, as we have lost the item).

It is absurd to say that undervalued coinage can be kept in circulation. The history of the world is full of legislation to try to do it, but laws which run counter to the natural laws of trade are forever inoperative. It has never been done, and never can be done. Common sense ought to teach us better than that. If the elevator in one town is paying 65 cents a bushel for wheat, and the elevator in a neighboring town is paying but 63 cents, isn't it plain that every farmer within hauling distance of the first town will market his wheat there? And if a man can only get the worth of $1 for a dollar, how can we get $1.03 worth for it some where else, won't he send it there?

Treasury Gold, March 1, 1893.

L. H. M., Peach Tree, Mo., asks: "What was the amount of gold in the gold reserve fund when ex-President Harrison turned the affairs of the government over to President Cleveland?"

Your question is an example of the looseness of language which is so remarkable a phase of the currency discussion. The gold "reserve fund" was fixed at $100,000,000, and never was any more than that. The gold in the treasury above that amount is called "free gold." No doubt you meant to ask how much gold was in the treasury at the time stated. Here is your answer:

By the monthly treasury statement of March 1, 1893, three days before Harrison went out of office, the total amount of gold in the treasury was $217,672,847. This was made up of the reserve fund of $100,000,000 and $117,672,847 of free gold.

Turn back to the Question Bureau of Weekly Blade of May 16 last and you will find these figures, with others equally interesting, under the heading, "The Treasury Condition."

A Button Relic.

L. H., East Ringgold, O., writes: "There has been a button found on a famous mound near this place of which we are unable to determine anything of its origin. It is composed of metal, about the size of a silver half dollar. On the face, one portion represents a crescent (or half moon) and the other contains four large stars and a comet, with a great number of minute stars scatteres in the background. Will you please tell us some thing of the same?"

We are unable to give any information and submit the matter to our readers.

A Trade Dollar.

C. E., Marsh Hill, Pa., asks: "Will you please inform the readers of the Blade that the provisions as to coinage, weight and legal tender powers of the trade dollar were as it passed the Senate January 17, 1873, previous to its going to the conference committee? Also why was the clause 'and no deposits of silver for other coinage shall be received,' inserted in the report of the conference committee?"

An examination of the debates and report of that committee do not show that any change whatever was made in any provision concerning the trade dollar. As is often the case, in making additions or changes in a bill, the necessary changes to carry out the idea intended are not made in all the sections, and thus an error results. It was never intended that the trade dollar should have any legal tender power, for it was not intended to circulate at all in the United States. The bill provided for a token dollar of 384 grains instead of 412 1-2, that is, double the weight of the silver dollar. The original bill made the silver coins legal tender up to $5. The token dollar was stricken out, and the trade dollar inserted, but the necessary change was not made in the section giving legal tender powers to all silver coin. Hence the trade dollar was inadvertently made legal tender up to $5. The error was discovered, and corrected by the act of July 22, 1876, passed for the purpose.

The clause was inserted for the specific purpose of preventing any one from bringing silver to the mint and having it coined into halves, quarters or dimes. It was properly intended to reserve to the government the profit on such a transaction, because the government must redeem these minor coins when called on to do so. The profit it makes on their coinage it loses when it redeems them. The provision was simply a bit of business common sense.

West Point Cadetships.

Subscriber, Camden, Mo.: You can not go to West Point unless appointed to a cadetship by your Representative in Congress. Consult him, and if he will have a vacancy to fill during his term, and if he will appoint you, he will give you all needed information.

Miscellaneous.

W. H. N., El Dorado, Kas.: We do not know its meaning.

N. H. M., Campbellsville, Ky.: We are sorry to say we do not know.

S. L. H., Union county, Tenn.: Apply to a life insurance agent.

C. N. M., Franklin, La.: We do not know who manufactures that sash balance, we are sorry to say.

J. P., Love Lake, Mo.: We can not take space to explain in full how to tan hides, for it is of no value to the bulk of our readers.

G. E. B., Nesbit, Neb.: If you want to start a Republican club, address "Secretary National Republican League, 140 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill."

D. W., Martinville, Pa.: We have no means of knowing. Write to the superintendent of schools at some of the larger towns in Oklahoma.

G. W. M., Nebraska City, Neb.: We would be glad to do so, but we never saw a copy of the original silver bill of 1872-73, and doubt if a copy is in existence.

D. I., Dutch, Tenn.: Yes, the word method has been in general use in the schools of Ohio for 25 years past. No teacher of any merit uses the old method.

R. A. C., Nominie Grove, Va.: No President has ever received more than $50,000 a year. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison all received it.

P. C. N., North Warren, Pa.: We have no idea who are the five wealthiest persons in the world, and no means of finding out. Can you name the five wealthiest persons in your county?

M. A. W., Marion, Ill.: There is no crisis in Turkey. The complications over the Armenian massacre are not a crisis, and will have no effect on missions in Turkey unless there should be war, which is not probable.

J. A. M., Sulphur City, Ark.: Yes, gold went out of circulation, beginning about 1804. See our discussion of Coin's Financial School, Weekly Blade of June 27. We have not the official figures of rates of wages in Mexico, but they are far below the United States standard, and so they are in all silver countries.

ON LEIF ERICSSON'S TRAIL.

Dr. Canfield Tries to Decipher the Inscription on Northmen's Rocks.

Dr. William G. Canfield, of Bristol, R. I., has begun a systematic attempt to decipher the alleged inscription on the Northmen's Rock, on the west shore of Mount Hope Bay. He is a firm believer in the theory that the peculiar markings of the rock are an inscription chiseled by some of the Norsemen who accompanied Leif Ericsson to America.

THE NORTHMEN'S ROCK.

Dr. Canfield is owner of the Hopeworth estate, at the back of Rhode Island's historic Mount Hope, where King Philip was slain. The rock lies on his property. He is having prepared a large photographic sketch of the rock, perfect in every detail, and also mental remains of the figures. He will submit his work at an early date to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. If the experts there can make nothing out of the inscription, he will invite the aid of antiquarians in Europe.

The rock is a mass of bluish-gray, fine grained hard stone, ten feet long, six feet wide, and two and one-half feet thick. At high tide it forms a good landing place and at low water it is a comfortable seat for pedestrians along the beach. The alleged inscription covers but a small portion of the surface of the rock, and has evidently been well written over with the initials of visitors ambitious to go on record on the same tablet with the Norsemen. It is believed that the inscription was not made by the Indians, and it has been associated with the Norsemen for more than 150 years.

Leif's pioneer vessel is supposed to have sailed up the Seaconnet river to Mount Hope, about A. D. 1000. Thorfinn Karlsefni was the most prominent voyager after Leif. He came with three ships, 150 men and seven women. In 1007 his wife, Gudrid, bore him a son on the shores of Buzzards' Bay. This child, it is claimed, was the first of European blood to be born upon this continent. The next year Karlsefni removed to Mount Hope. But he was so harassed by the natives that he returned to Greenland in 1009.

Dr. Canfield believes that the figures on the rock and also the rude tracing of a boat were made by some of the Norse exploring parties sent out from Newport or Mount Hope.

—Hot weather proves depressive to those whose blood is poor. Such people should enrich their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

COLOR MUSIC.

Organ Melody Flashed in Color Tones on a Screen.

A wealthy artist named Rivington, who lives in London, has recently invented and put into operation, at a cost of nearly $10,000, a "color organ," by means of which, as certain notes are struck, the melody is reproduced in a bewildering succession of color tones and combinations on a screen, at the same instant they are heard by the ear, says the New York World.

What the exact details of his instrument may be, and just how each color is produced, Mr. Rivington will not divulge. All that is known is that the new "color organ" is played upon a keyboard which is almost the exact counterpart of that used for a piano, and that whenever a note is struck its color appears upon the screen. Chords show combinations of tints that are only comparable to harmonic combinations of musical notes, middle C corresponding, for example, to the low red of the spectrum. The other C's of the keyboard, when struck, show yet other reds, tonic perfectly.

Without carrying the description further, it may thus readily be seen how the colors grade, shade and tone, and how the sharpening of a piano note or its flattening makes the suggestion of a change in color hardly to be expressed with a painter's brush, yet quite perceptible to the visual senses.

In the light of history Rivington's invention has not that newness and novelty it would seem to have. So far back as 1734 Father Castel, a French Jesuit, constructed a model of a "color harpsichord." That this ingenious priest died before his device was quite perfected does not destroy the originality of his idea nor the priority of his claim. No details of the construction of his instrument have come down to the present day, but so far as can be learned it very much resembles Rivington's "color organ."

Not Much to Depend On.

Manager—But if I pay you $1,000 a night, in addition to all other expenses, what will there be left for me to live on?

Prima Donna—Well, if you treat us nicely, we will no doubt give you a benefit performance at the end of the season.—New York Weekly.

A Designing Papa.

Neighbor—What made your little brother squeal so loud this morning?

Boy—Pa made him squeal that way so the neighbors would believe we had killed a pig.—Texas Siftings.

Penalty of Prominence.

"This is one of the penalties of prominence," hummed the mosquito, sinking his stiletto into the sleeping victim's long nose.—Chicago Tribune.

"For years I had suffered from falling of the womb, inflammation of the stomach, and weakness of the female organs. "I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and found a perfect cure in it for these troubles." Mrs. LIZZIE DeCLINE, 224 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey.

TO THE POLE BY BALLOON.

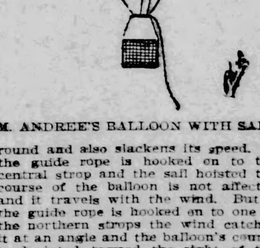
M. ANDREE'S PROJECT FOR GOING TO THE FAR NORTH.

Sail by Which the Balloon Can be Controlled.

By King Oscar of Sweden's subscription of 30,000 kronor, recently announced by cable, to the promotion of Mr. Andree's project for reaching the North Pole by balloon, the expedition was rendered a moral certainty, and Mr. Andree has already begun his preparations.

The expedition will start not later than July, 1896. Every precaution will be taken for the safety of the aeronauts, and the Swedish Academy of Science will not give its consent to the expedition until it has carefully examined every detail. The balloon is to be of sufficient bearing capacity to convey three adventurers, their scientific instruments and supplies for four months, a sledge, canvas boat, arms and ammunition and ballast of a total weight of 6,600 pounds, through the regions of space for a period of thirty days. The material of the balloon will be so close that waste of gas will be reduced to a minimum, while its car will be a two storied concern, containing a bed chamber, store cupboards, and a dark-room for photographic purposes.

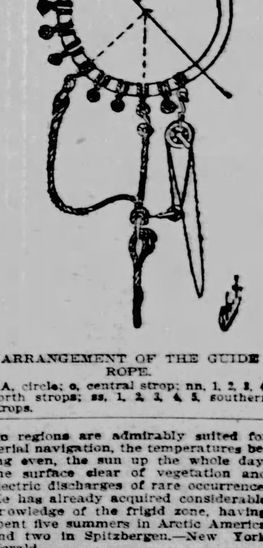
Mr. Andree points out that in 1878, M. Henri Giffard exhibited a balloon



M. ANDREE.

capable of lifting 26,400 pounds, and that Messrs. Poisenilles and Graham constructed an experimental one, nine yards in diameter, which only lost 13 pounds of its bearing power in a month. M. Gabriel Yon, of Paris, a celebrated maker, is quite willing to construct a balloon to meet Mr. Andree's requirements. The gas employed would be hydrogen, manufactured in the arctic regions in a transportable apparatus, or conveyed in a compressed state to the spot, the amount necessary for inflation being 6,900 cubic yards. The balloon would be furnished with cocoanut fibre baskets, to be towed on water, and so diminish speed when required, as well as ballast ropes which would regulate the height of the balloon above the surface some 272 yards, therefore beneath the lowest layers of cloud.

A feature of the balloon will be the attachment of a sail and cable, by which M. Andree is confident he will be in some measure enabled to direct his course. He has already tested it with success, and during the coming year will endeavor to perfect, or at least improve, this invention. The cable or guide rope, when paid out, touches the surface of the earth or sea, as the case may be, and this friction prevents the balloon from turning



M. ANDREE'S BALLOON WITH SAIL.

round and also slackens its speed. If the guide rope is hooked on to the central strap and the sail hoisted the course of the balloon is not affected and it travels with the wind. But if the guide rope is hooked on to one of the northern straps the wind catches it at an angle and the balloon's course is deviated toward the right of the pole. The opposite effect is caused by attaching the sail and rope to one of the southern straps.

The only attempt at surveying and mapping the unknown wastes during the aerial journey would be by the aid of photography, as it is presumed that the rate of travel would be too great to allow of other observations being made. The flight will be made from the Norways, some island off the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, and if all goes well, the pole will be passed in forty hours or thereabouts, if the moderate pace of seventeen miles an hour is maintained, while if the current is as strong as that which blew the two French aeronauts, in 1870, from Paris to the Lifield mountains, in Norway, five to six hours will suffice for that part of the trip. The journey, it is believed by M. Andree, will be continued to the northwestern shores of America.

M. Andree points out that the Arctic regions are admirably suited for aerial navigation, the temperatures being even, the sun up the whole day, the surface clear of vegetation and electric discharges of rare occurrence. He has already acquired considerable knowledge of the frigid zone, having spent five summers in Arctic America, and two in Spitzbergen.—New York Herald.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE GUIDE ROPE.

A, circle; c, central strap; nn, 1, 2, 3, 4, north straps; ss, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, southern straps.

Luck.

Nixer—Are there many good situations in Smazley's new play?

Elixner—I don't see how there can be; the manager isn't able to pay salaries.—Roxbury Gazette.

The Cranks are Columbia Bicycle

"1896 Machine in 1896."

differ from all other bicycle cranks. Easy to take off, easy to clean bearings, easy to put back. No nuts or bolts to work loose or catch trousers.

Look like one piece; are one piece mechanically.

One of the many improvements that maintain Columbia Standard.

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BRANCH STORES:

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"WOMEN OF TO-DAY."

You women of to-day who fear so much
The women of the future showing how
The dangers of her course are such and such—
What are you now?

Mothers and Wives and Housekeepers forsooth!
Great names! you cry; full scope to rule and please!
Rood for wise age and angelic youth!
But are you these?

Housekeepers! Do you, then, like those of you
Keep house with power and pride, with grace and ease?
No, you keep servants only. What is more
You don't keep these!

Wives, say you? Wives! Blessed, indeed, are they
Who hold of love the everlasting keys.
Reaping their husband's hearts. Alas the day
You don't keep these!

And mothers. Pitying Heaven. Mark the cry!
From cradle, death-beds. Mothers on their knees!
Why, half the children born as children die!
You don't keep these!

And still the wailing babies come and go,
And homes are waste, and husbands' hearts fly far.
There is no hope until you dare to know
The thing you are.

—Woman's Tribune.

GORGEOUS PARAPHERNALIA.

The Jewels Used at a Russian Coronation—Wilhelm's Gift.

The official furniture used at the crowning of a Russian sovereign has just been thoroughly examined, and the following particulars taken from a St. Petersburg paper are interesting:

The regalia, of which there are seven in number, viz.: the crown, the globe of the holy Russian empire, the throne of Monomach, the vase to contain the anointing oil, the scepter, the sword and standard. The crown, or as the ancient Muscovites call it, "Monomach's cap," is of twisted gold, and was the gift of a Greek emperor, who sent it, in 1071, to Vladimir Monomach, reigning Grand Duke of Kieff. It has been used by all the czars, without exception, at their coronation, and has not been changed since the eleventh century. The scepter is also of twisted gold, and is surmounted by a Greek cross and adorned with 643 precious stones of the greatest value. The globe of the empire is ornamented with 327 gems, and the sword, with its blade encrusted with gold, has on the hilt the imperial eagles surmounted by a crown cut out of a diamond. The throne of Monomach, or the "Czar's seat," is in black wood; the baldaquin is supported by four columns of massive gold. The imperial standard is of yellow satin, and has in the center the arms of the empire, surrounded by the arms of all the different provinces in Russia. Lastly comes the vase to contain the sacred oil for anointing the czar, which is cut out of jasper and set with precious stones. It has on its lid a golden serpent. This vase, it is said, belonged to the Emperor Augustus Caesar, who used it as a cup.

The list of regalia imperial baubles, the marshal's staff, which the Emperor of Germany has just presented to the Emperor of Austria, is made of solid beaten gold. The staff itself is so beset with jewels principally rubies and diamonds, that very little of the gold is seen. A spray of green oak leaves in enamel on a white ground, twines wherever it can find space, and at the top is the Russian eagle, also crown in enamel and diamonds. The inscription at the foot is: "William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, zu seinem Hochverehrten Bundes-genossen Franz Josef, Kaiser von Oesterreich, König von Ungarn" ("to his highly honored comrade and ally, etc.") Emperor William has also sent his Austrian colleague the complete uniform of a field marshal in the Prussian army.

A SAFE HAND-PURSE

Which May be Carried Without Danger of Being Snatched.

Women young and old will persist in carrying the purse in the hand, in spite of the warnings they have received against the attempt of the snatcher. No doubt it is more convenient to hold it in the hand than to put it into a not easily found pocket,

and an Englishwoman has invented a device by which the old custom may be safely followed.

The invention consists of two small straps attacked to the purse, one of which is fastened around the wrist, and the other terminating in a ring to be worn on the middle finger. The purse, which may be of any desired size, thus rests safely in the palm and is always convenient for use.

The accompanying illustration shows the details of the device.

A Mile Down in the Earth.

The great novelty at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 will be, it is expected, a dive into the bowels of the earth.

M. Grousset's plan, which, it has been announced, has been approved by the management, is to dig a series of eight vertical shafts, each 656 feet in length, one beginning where another leaves off.

Two passenger lifts are to run in each shaft, and there are to be galleries or stations at the end of each lift journey, where refreshments will be served under the blaze of electric lights.

The excavation will be thoroughly ventilated, and the traveler who descends to the lowest gallery depth will be 4,890 feet below the surface from which he started. The estimated cost is $500,000, which, one would think, is quite moderate for so large an undertaking.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Joke for Journalists.

A young reporter was sent out recently by the city editor of one of the evening papers—not the Sun—to report a meeting. About two hours after the assignment was made the young reporter returned with a sad countenance. The news editor asked him to get the report up immediately, as it was nearly time to go to press. "There will not be any report on that meeting," was the answer. "Why not?" queried the news editor. "There was not any meeting," replied the young reporter. "It broke up in a big row, and the chairman was chucked under the table."—London Sun.

—Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys the confidence and patronage of people all over the civilized world, who use it to restore and keep the hair a natural color.

Homes for German Birds.

The German house builders always contrive to leave a small, flat place on the roof of each house for birds to rest and build on.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Injury to Pear Tree.

E. V. D., West Virginia: The worm you sent was so badly broken that it was impossible to tell what it was. However, it may be a codlin moth, which is quite injurious. The blight of which you speak is not the result of the attack of worms, but is a fungus growth and unless checked may spread through your entire orchard. No certain remedy beyond cutting away the affected parts as soon as seen, and burning them has been discovered. The best known treatment is: First, As the buds are swelling spray with copper sulphate solution, made as follows: Take of water, 15 gallons; copper sulphate, 1 pound. Dissolve the copper sulphate in the water, when it is ready for use. This should never be applied to the foliage, but must be used before the buds break. Second, just before the blossoms open, use Bordeaux mixture, which is made in this way: Copper sulphate, 6 pounds; quicklime, 4 pounds; water, 40 gallons. Dissolve the copper sulphate by putting it in a bag of coarse cloth, and hanging this in a vessel holding at least 4 gallons, so that it is just covered by the water. Use an earthen or wooden vessel. Slake the lime in an equal amount of water. Then mix the two and add enough water to make 40 gallons. It is then ready for immediate use. After the blossoms have fallen, sprinkle with the Bordeaux mixture. Twelve days later sprinkle again and fourteen days later give another sprinkling.

If the psylla appears, sprinkle with kerosene emulsion, made as follows: Hard soap, 1-2 pound; bo

Talmage's Sermon.

HEROIC DEEDS HAVE NOT ALL BEEN IN BATTLE,

What the World Wants Is Religion for Ordinary People.

New York, July 22.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his annual midsummer tour, preaching and lecturing, prepared for Sunday a sermon on "Plain People," a topic which will appeal to a very large majority of readers anywhere. The text selected was: Romans xvi., 14, 15, "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philogus and Julia."

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any special remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something, and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philogus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or, the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or o pulent, or hirsute, or musical of cadence, or crass of style, or in anywise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States of 65,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 64,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkables, and building thrones for magnates, and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a state constitution, will never electrify a senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will most probably be Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philogus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, and your judgment was final on every question of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of your household is your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling, if there be no divine alleviation. It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things amid the criminals of England. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Burmesian cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the divine friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that he sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year, and at your call he is ready with help and reinforcement. world decide the health of the world.

They who provide the food of the One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music, and may have taken lessons in astronomy, she is not half educated unless she has taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world, decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of the kitchen and nursery. The health-shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and had the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen stepped ashore chilled and hungry, will help every woman to prepare breakfast, whether by her own hand or the hand of her hired help. The God who made indestructible eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, her son, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare and embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue, or their want of it, or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel, and Herodias and Athaliah, and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent or abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to the conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages, and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than fifty thousand dollars worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worriment and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hair at thirty. A man of forty-five with the stoop of a nonogenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty, when they ought to be at the meridian. Many of these business men have bodies like a neglected clock to which you come, and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five, or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that wornout business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some summer recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear.

The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Men cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar, and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Postmortem examination reveals the fact that all the springs, and pivots, and weights, and balance-wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock has simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear sunlit dial, the whole machinery of body, mind, and earthly capacity stops forever. The cemeteries have thousands of business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from morn till night and all the days of their lives harnessed to business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper, and two salesmen, and the small boy that sweeps the store. Grace to invest not eighty thousand dollars of net profit, but twenty-five dollars of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of pins from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof. Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods. Such a grace as that nine-tenths of my troubles were caused by constipation, I began the use of Ayer's Pills, with the most satisfactory results, never having a single attack that did not readily yield to this remedy. My wife, who had been an invalid for years, also began to use Ayer's Pills, and her health was quickly restored. With my children I had noticed that nearly all their ailments were preceded by constipation, and I soon had the pleasure of knowing that with children as with parents, Ayer's Pills, if taken in season, avert all danger of sickness."—H. Wettstein, Byron, Ill.

NOT A SICK DAY
For Over Thirty Years!
RESULT OF USING
AYER'S PILLS

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills for over thirty years have kept me in good health, never having had a sick day in all that time. Before I was twenty I suffered almost continually—as a result of constipation—from dyspepsia, headaches, neuralgia, or boils and other eruptive diseases. When I became convinced

AYER'S PILLS
Highest Honors at World's Fair.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla Strengthens the System.

Grace in catching weather that enables them, without imprecation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again it has been almost ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the little daughter's wedding outfit, and and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little bit short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know 500 farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew his similes from the farmer's life, as when he said: "A sower went forth to sow," as when he built his best parable out of the scene of a farmer's boy coming back from his wanderings and the old farmer's rose shook that night with rural jubilee, and who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Those stone masons do not want to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with a trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters standing amid the adze, and the bit, and the plane, and the broad-ax, need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with his own hard wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an underfed world, and it is a wrung-out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies, and its Abernethys, and its Valentine Motts, and its Willard Parkers; but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prognosis, or writing prescription, or compounding medicament, or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and diction of the Almighty Doctor who took the case of the madman, and, after he had torn off his garments in foaming dementia, clothed him again, body and mind, and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with rheumatism, into graceful stature, and who turned the scabs of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed blows of hereditary or accidental blindness, until the morning light came streaming through the fleshly casements, and who knows all the diseases and all the remedies, and all the herbs, and all the catholicons, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out 10,000 doctors of whom the world makes no record; but to prove that they are angels of mercy, the thousands of men whose ailments have been assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crisis of pain they have been next to God in protection.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired, and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell you how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on—by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "that is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest planet that swings in its orbit, than the comets shooting this way and that, imperiling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination prefer a lamp that will stick. Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented, and abused, and shot at! The higher the horns of a roebuck the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers.

I came into the possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I., printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represented under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicles. Satan, styled Beelzebub, he is represented, page after page, page after page. England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him. Europe cursing him. North and South America cursing him. The most remarkable man of his day, and the most abused. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name, on earth wore a crown of thorns. Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time and see what abuse comes upon them, while thousands of stockholders escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man! The Central Pacific railroad—two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused while the ordinary escape. The wealther of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows, or gains, or does, more than it can know, or gain, or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to their children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar plum precedes the world's aqua fortis. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify him, crucify him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hozanna!" The river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Leman, but crystalline when it comes out at the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline, and come out terribly riled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defenses and the tranquility of your position.

Then, remember, if you have only what is called an ordinary home, that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated, reading at your evening stand, a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state, and you will find they nearly all came from log cabins or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything. Columbus from a weaver's hut, Demosthenes from a cutler's cellar, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop, and He, whose name is high over all the earth, and air, and sky, from a manger.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what he keeps away from us as in what he gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the Iliad, the Odyssey, and the Divina Comedia, all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in the signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her: "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her: "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard: "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower, the bee gets honey out of a thistle; but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the rhododendron of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

Hood's Invigorates.

"I have taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has cured me of heart burn. I have felt stupid for several months, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has invigorated me, and I am feeling a great deal better. I connot give Hood's Sarsaparilla too much praise. Hiram K. Smith, Ilerton, O."

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

A Catch.

"I don't believe," said Jessie, "all these nonsensical things the doctor say about catching diseases from kissing. Look at the multitude of kissing I've had and never caught anything yet."

"I don't know," said Maudie, dubiously. "Laura, my eldest sister, you know, saw her intended and me kissing last night, and I caught it, I can tell you."—Good Company.

A KING'S FAVORITES.

THE BEAUTIES WHO SWAYED THE HEART OF LOUIS I. OF BAVARIA.

Pretty Faces Which Won the Gallant and Fickle Monarch's Favor.

Louis I. of Bavaria was in many ways a remarkable monarch. Sprung from the great house of Wittelsbach, the founders of which won the crown of Bavaria by their wisdom in council as well as by their courage in the field, he was not an unworthy descendant of his forbears, and left a deep impression upon his age. He was a man of strong and original intellect, poetic temperament and a marked admiration for the beautiful. Modern Munich, the most curious and unique

CHARLOTTE VON HAEN.

of European cities, was planned, begun and completed by him, and he enriched it with noble churches and palaces, splendid museums, theaters and academies, beautiful statues and imposing monuments. Moreover, he was an able and foresighted ruler, as well as a wise patron of arts, and during his reign raised Bavaria from a condition of absolute vassalage to the house of Hapsburg to a rich, flourishing and reasonably independent country.

But Louis I. had one weakness, and in the end it proved fatal. He loved a beautiful face when it belonged to a woman, and would on occasion hazard much to gain the favor of its owner. As fickle as he was gallant, his favorites followed each other in quick succession, and in the course of his life numbered nearly two score. From time to time the king had their portraits painted by famous artists, and these pictures, thirty-eight in number, now hang in one of the apartments of the old royal palace in Munich. The room which houses them is jealously guarded from the public, and, fortunate indeed is the tourist who, at rare intervals, secures an entrance thereto.

However, in 1871, the "mad king," Louis II., grandson and successor of Louis I., caused photographs to be

AUGUSTA STROBEL.

taken of the paintings. A dozen sets of these photographs were bound in volumes and presented with the royal autograph to the intimate friends of the dead king, whose memory his eccentric descendant sought in this strange way to keep green. One of these volumes, beautifully bound in red morocco, is now the property of a well-known resident of New York. It lies before me as I write, and from it are reproduced the portraits which accompany this article.

Prominent among the lovely faces which look out from its beveled pages is that of a remarkable woman still remembered by Americans, the gifted and wayward Lola Montez, whom her kingly admirer made Countess of Lansfeld, and for whom he risked and lost his throne. A woman of singular beauty and infinite charm, she was still under thirty when, in 1840, she made the acquaintance of the king, then past sixty, who was infatuated by her fascinations to a degree almost unexampled in history. She appeared on the stage in Munich for a brief period, and then surprised and dismayed the Bavarians by being adopted by the king as his chief friend, associate and adviser. With a natural gift of diplomacy and political intrigue, she quickly made her influence felt, and from her study in Munich conducted a brilliant and potential correspondence with the leading diplomats of Europe. Her residence was the most beautiful in Munich, and she was presented at

ANNA HILLMAYER.

court by the king as "my best friend." With the consent of the crown prince she was ennobled and presented with an estate, which carried with it feudal rights over 2,000 souls.

To her credit, be it said, Montez exerted herself for the best interest of the king and his subjects; but her reign, nevertheless, was destined to be as brief as it was brilliant. Her enemies were legion, and always busy, and the stories circulated about her soon produced a perceptible effect. She was hissed and insulted when she appeared in public. When the students mobbed her house, and the king retaliated with an edict closing the university, demands for her expulsion came from all quarters, and in the end the Bavarian Chamber of Peers forced from her royal admirer an order for her banishment. Soldiers conducted her to the border, while the people of Munich burned her residence to the ground. The old king wrote to her frequently and remained constant in his affection for her, but fears for the throne he had agreed to abdicate within a year kept him from insisting on her return, and Lola Montez drifted off into the world, again a soldier of fortune. Her subsequent career is an oft-told story. She died in New York in the winter of 1861, and a low mound in Greenwood now marks her resting place.

Among these favorites of a dead king Katharina Bozzaris, an imperious Southern beauty, with raven hair and dark, burning eyes, next deserves attention. She was a descendent of the illustrious Marco Bozzaris, the hero of Missolonghi and the champion of Grecian freedom. King Ludwig took a deep and active interest in the struggles of the Greeks to free themselves from the rule of the Turk, and it was largely by his personal efforts that his son Otto became King of Greece.

Dmitri Bozzaris was Grecian secretary of war during Otto's reign, and the beautiful Katharina a member of his household. Introduced in this way to King Ludwig, the history of her family excited his interest, and her own rare gifts of mind and person his affection, and it was thus that she secured speedy and welcome entrance into his gallery of beauties. Tradition, however, has it that she was too proud to win friends and too willful to live in peace with other sharers of the royal bounty, and in consequence the Greek woman's sway in the palace at Munich was almost as short as that of the Montez.

The portrait of Amelie von Krudener shows her to have been one of the most beautiful of King Ludwig's favorites. Her career is shrouded in mystery, but she is believed to have been the daughter of the noted Juliane von Krudener, whose wit and beauty won her so many exalted admirers, a czar of all the Russias included, three generations ago. The mother, after a brief marital experience, in 1796, secured a divorce from her husband, Konstantin von Krudener, and thereafter was the bright particular star of gay circles in Paris, where a French officer, Count Pregenille, was her preferred lover, and in St. Petersburg, where the dreamy and melancholic Alexander I. was an almost nightly visitor in her saloon. By reason of her influence with the czar she was a force which, for many years, could not with safety be omitted from any political combination. Late in life she became a religious devotee, and found a refuge in Switzerland, but her seeming piety and lavish gifts to the poor did not prevent the rulers of the mountain republic from exiling her as a pestilent politi-

KATHARINA BOZZARIS.

cal intriguante, and, with her daughter, she retired to the Crimea, where she died in 1824. She left large estates in the Baltic provinces of Russia, inherited from her husbands, and the proceeds from their sale are thought to have furnished Amelie von Krudener with the means required for a merry and luxurious sojourn in Paris and Rome.

At any rate, it was in the latter city that the wayward Russian beauty first met King Ludwig. At his entreaties she settled in Munich, and by her beauty and the glamour thrown about her by her mother's career long held the king a willing captive. She received a liberal pension just before the stirring events of 1848, but beyond this little or nothing is known of her last years.

If the portrait of Charlotte von Tagen speaks true, hers was one of those faces which interest by degrees, but in the end can not be forgotten—a small head set on shapely white shoulders, a mouth made for smiles and kisses, and eyes of limpid blue. She was born in Munich in 1809, and making her debut as an actress at the age of 17, at once became and remained until her retirement in 1848, one of the most popular players of her time. Her professional career was divided between Munich and Berlin, and she was adored by the courts and people of both cities, even the austere and narrow-minded Frederick William III. figuring as her admirer and protector. Small wonder, then, that the susceptible Ludwig should enshrine her among his favorites and pay court to the charming actress. But as the Von Hagen advanced in years her happy

CRESCENTIA

wig's favorites was as generous and free-handed as Frau von Hagen was grasping and miserly. She was a second-rate danseuse, but a first-rate

ANNA VON GREINER.

temperament fled with her youth, and while she was sure of a welcome in the most refined society, thanks to her wit and gracious manners, her miserly habits became proverbial. It was told of her in Berlin that she often carried, fastened to a belt about her waist, a curiously fashioned purse filled with copper coins.

"What have you there?" she would often be asked by people anxious to engage her in conversation.

"Oh, a mere nothing," she would reply; "only a few copper coins, but I would not part with one of them for less than a louis d'or."

Whereupon the invited gold piece would usually be forthcoming and the victim, with a melancholy smile, would receive the actress' copper in exchange. She married a count in 1846, but the spoiled idol of monarch and people, was unfitted for the quiet of domestic life, and in 1851 she secured a divorce. Thereafter Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna and Paris received her in turn, but at last she went to Munich, where, until her death, she remained the friend and confidant of her king.

Anna Hillmayer, another of Lud-

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BEATEN AT THEIR OWN GAME.

How an Old Plantation Owner Won $1,500 From a Sharp Gang.

"It was late in the '50s, and I, then quite a young man, was first mate on the Tempest, that ran from St. Louis to Memphis and New Orleans," says a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. One of our trips down the river there were three men on board whose dress and manners made me think they were professional gamblers, and shortly after we left St. Louis I found out that their business just then was to 'skin' an oldish man who looked like a planter and who had in his possession a large sack containing $20,000 in gold that he said was the amount he had just received for the sale of his plantation in Tennessee.

"I warned him about keeping the money in the stateroom and told him to look o ut for any one who tried to get him into a game of cards; but he only laughed and said he wanted to learn how to play poker, and if he saw he could win a few hundred dollars he would stick to the game until he had won or lost everything. Just as he made this rash remark I chanced to look around and saw one of the three suspicious-looking men standing right behind us and listening to every word we said. I then tried to tell Wright—that was his name—that if he got in a game with those men he could not help from losing, although they might let him win a little at first, but it was no use; he wanted to play cards, and that afternoon I saw him with the gamblers on deck, and a little later the four went into a stateroom together. Wright carrying his precious bag of gold that was marked on the outside in great big numbers $20,000, and underneath, written with a pen, was the name, 'Thurston Wright.'

"I went up on the roof, and, fortunately, the gamblers' cabin had a large skylight, whereby I could look down and watch the game. After a few instructions to Wright, who was ignorant of any rules of the game, the cards were shuffled, and when several hands had been played I saw Wright go down on the floor and lift on to the table his canvas bag, which he opened, and counted out 2,000 bright, $10 gold pieces.

"I thought it was all over, but he put it all back but $500, which he put in the center of the table to cover a bet of that amount made by one of the men, the other two coming in. The cards were fixed for Wright to win, and he put his $500 back in the sack and the other $1,500 in his pocket. The three men congratulated him on winning and said they were tired of playing, but would play some more that evening. Wright did not see the game and promised to come to their cabin about 8 o'clock, and I knew then that they would take all he had.

"That night at 8 I was again on hand at the skylight to see the game, and, as I feared, the game went Wright's way for a while and then the betting grew big and finally on one hand he threw bags of money on the table without even opening the bags and called his opponent. Only one of the other men had stayed in, and when Wright, after some lively betting, thus threw down four sixes and reached over for the money the gambler showed four jacks, and all Wright's money except the $1,500 he had won was gone. He sneaked out of the room, looing as pale as a ghost, and as soon as he was gone the three men laughed over the easy way in which they had gotten the money and put the bag in their trunk.

"A few minutes later I heard a loud splash up near the stern, and the cry of 'man overboard" soon brought the boat to a stop, but although a search was made all night no trace of the missing man, who turned out to be Wright, could be found.

"The gamblers left the boat the next day. But, strange to say, they were not as happy as they had been the night before, and were cursing each other like pirates, and did not look like men who had suddenly come into the possession of $50,000.

"When they left I went to the cabin and there on the floor was the canvas bag, with Wright's name on it, but filled with iron washers just the size of ten-dollar pieces. Wright had changed bags on the men and was ahead just $1,500 on the game.

"I knew he could not have swum ashore with that gold on his person, and so I began a search for him, and finally found him down among the freight, sitting on his sack of money and his pants bulging out with the additional $1,500. He told me he had rolled a keg of nails overboard the night before and started the cry of 'man overboard' himself."

For Heavy, Sluggish Feeling

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It produces healthy activity of weak or disordered stomachs that need stimulating, and acts as a tonic on nerves and brain.

STORY OF A DIAMOND NECKLACE.

Genuine Stones Carelessly Placed in Theatrical Property in London.

In support of the idea that it is not easy even for the practiced eye to detect the false from the real in diamonds, a writer in the London Sketch repeats this story of an actor's experience:

"A very popular melodrama had been produced in London, a piece in which the heroine did as new women are popularly supposed to do, and then repented in the last act. To emphasize her repentance, she took the diamond necklace from her neck, cast it upon the ground and spurned it heavily. The long suffering necklace was made of paste stones, with strong gold setting, and had to be repaired two or three times a week, owing to its cruel usage. After a very long run in town, the piece was sent to the provinces, and the poor necklace was, as usual, thrown about and trodden on, until it came to grief once more and was sent to some provincial jeweler for the usual repairs. Toward the evening the manager sent a man to fetch it in time for the performance. 'Where is your written order?' said the man of jewels. Said the messenger: 'Ain't got none—it's only a property necklace,' or words to that effect. 'Well,' said the tradesman, who knew a good thing when he saw one, 'you go back for a written authority; I don't give diamond necklaces worth more than a thousand pounds to the first man that calls for them.' When the manager received this message he was furious and went to the shop at once. There he found, to his amazement that the necklace so recklessly treated of nights was composed to genuine diamonds, worth a large amount. For a long time nobody could understand the mystery, but it was afterward cleared up. At the shop at London where it was regularly repaired the stones had once been set aside by those belonging to a noble lady's tiara. They were, by some strange chance, very similar in size, shape and number, and by mistake the paste went to the tiara and the diamonds to the property necklace."

A Good Case.

"No," said Smallwort, who was taking his ease under his own vine and fig tree; "no, I won't give you anything to eat, but if you will do some work I will give you a quarter in cash."

"Do you know," said Everett Wrest, "that I've got a mighty good case agin you fer attempted bribery, if I only felt like pushin' it?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Circumstances.

Magistrate—The officer says you were drunk last night and fell down in the street. Can you explain that little matter?

Prisoner (with dignity)—The cause of my fall, your honor, was not attributable to liquor, but to circumstances over which I had no control.

Magistrate (in surprise)—What circumstances do you allude to?

Prisoner (sadly)—My legs, your honor. —Tit-Bits.

Dangerous Diet.

First Cannibal—"I'm dying! Oh! Oh!"

Second Cannibal—"What's the matter?"

First Cannibal—"I've just eaten the friend of the missionary's wife."

Second Cannibal—"Good gracious, man. That woman's a member of Sewrosis. She never agreed with any man in this life."—Harper's Bazar.

The Sunday School.

The Report of the Spies.

LESSON V., AUGUST 4, 1895.

Golden Text: The Lord is with us; fear them not.—Num xiv:9.

LESSON TEXT.

(Num. 13:17-20,23-33. Memory verse 20.)

Study connection in Num. 13 and 14.

17. And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan, and said unto them, Get you up this way southward, and go up into the mountain:

18. And see the land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many;

19. And what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad; and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents, or in strong holds;

20. And what the land is, whether it be fat or lean, whether there be wood therein, or not. And be ye of good courage. And bring of the fruit of the land. Now the time was the time of the first ripe grapes.

* * * * *

23. And they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff; and they brought of the pomegranates, and of the figs.

24. The place was called the brook Eshcol, because of the cluster of grapes which the children of Israel cut down from thence.

25. And they returned from searching of the land after forty days.

26. And they went and came to Moses, and to Aaron, and to all the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh; and brought back word unto them, and unto all the congregation, and showed them the fruit of the land.

27. And they told him, and said, We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it.

28. Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great; and moreover we saw the children of Anak there.

29. The Amalekites dwell in the land of the south, and the Hittites and Jebusites and the Amorites dwell in the mountains; and the Canaanites dwell by the sea, and by the coast of Jordan.

30. And Caleb stilled the people before Moses, and said, Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it.

31. But the men that went up with him said, We be not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we.

32. And they brought up an evil report of the land which they had searched unto the children of Israel, saying, The land, through which we have gone to search it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof; and all the people that we saw in it are men of great stature.

33. And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.

Illustrative Applications.

Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan (v. 17). This was only an act of common prudence on the part of Moses; but the issue would prove that common prudence is a mighty poor substitute for uncommon faith. When the pillar of fire started off in the middle of the night, after only a two days' rest, common prudence said, Wait until morning. When the pillar of cloud didn't move for a month, with a whole nation waiting its motion, common prudence said, It is time to be off. But when the pillar of fire and of cloud moved or rested, by night or by day, uncommon faith said, Do as God bids you. But there were more men of common prudence than there were men of uncommon faith among the Israelites in that time, as there are among the Christians of to-day; and the men of common prudence wanted scouts sent way ahead of the guiding pillar, so God said in substance, Let them try it. That common prudence business was the ruin of that generation; and it is liable to wreck any other one that pays tens to it. Prudence, to have any value, must be uncommon prudence, and it must be subordinate to uncommon faith.

And they went and came, and said, the land surely it floweth with milk and honey. Howbeit the people that dwell in the land are strong, and the cities are fenced, and very great, and moreover we saw the children of Anak there (vs. 26-28). The attractive things in this world are quite likely to be fenced in, and to have other barriers to their reaching. Grapes and pomegranates and figs and milk and honey are not to be found lying loose for the weak and lazy. He who would get them when he knows where they are, must be willing to face the difficulties on the way to them. This is true whether a man walks by faith or by sight; whether he follows God's pillar of fire and cloud, or is guided by the dictates of common prudence. It is the forgetfulness of this truth that makes men anarchists and communists, and that prompts Christian men to live without any of the luxuries of the spiritual life, and with only a starvation supply of its necessaries. The good things are always just ahead in rich abundance, howbeit there are fences and guards all about them; and if you get any of these good things, it will not be without your facing and surmounting great obstacles.

Caleb said, Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it. But the men that went up with him said, We be not able to go up against the people; for they are stronger than we (vs. 30, 31). There was the plain issue between common prudence and uncommon faith! Common prudence says, "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions." Uncommon faith says, "One man with God is always a majority." Common prudence says, "Of myself I can do nothing against a strong host." Uncommon faith says, "I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me." "If God be for me, who can be against me?" Caleb was the "fanatic" of his day. The men who went up with him were the "sensible fellows" of their time. Caleb has his successors in our day. And there is no end to the successors of those who went up with him.

And there we saw the Nephilim, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight (v. 33). It is a maxim in warfare that "bayonets seldom cross" on the idea being that the men who are going to give way under a pressure of cold steel generally show it before the enemy reaches them. It is told of Gen. Sheridan that when he began his fighting in Virginia he said that the Federal commanders were too apt to think of "keeping from being licked, instead of going out to lick some one." Whether that story of him be true or not, it illustrates a principle. The man who counts himself as a grasshopper, when he is to represent a great cause, is apt to be counted as a grasshopper by those who oppose him. Peculiarly is this the truth with one of God's representatives. He who realizes that he stands for One into whose hands all power in heaven and earth is given, need have no fear of giants, or of the sons of giants. His sufficiency is of God: and in His sufficiency he can move forward unflinchingly, until the giants who oppose him find themselves as grasshoppers in the path of his progress.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Though pure and simple and so mild
It might be used by any child,
Yet S

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the true American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 126,000

MORE PREMIUMS!

An Additional Incentive for Raisers of Clubs in July.

The three-months' subscriptions during the last week came in very liberally, and we are entirely satisfied with the growth of our list this summer. Now that the Fourth of July is over, more of our friends will have time to raise clubs for us. It occurs to us to make another premium offer.

From this time on, until September 1, we will give AN EXTRA COPY of the Weekly Blade for three months, to those sending us a club of ten, who may prefer the extra subscription to a premium book. If the club raiser's name already on our subscription list, he may ask us to extend it for three months, instead of taking a premium book.

We think this will be a good reason for many thousands who have not yet sent us clubs of 10, to hustle and raise one.

This will in no wise interfere with participation in our grand prize offers, but it will pay those who do not care to make an effort for one of the larger prizes, because they will get value received for their small clubs as they send them in. We desire, especially, clubs from those places where none as yet have been raised, and we hope that all of our friends will send us at least one club during the present month.

We ask EVERYBODY to send us a list of names to whom we may send specimen copies. All of our readers have at least time to do us this favor.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

HAPPY IDEA FOR ALL OUR CLUB RAISERS.

These Prize Offers Do Not Conflict With the Offer Elsewhere.

Scores of our subscribers write us that it is very exciting and interesting to take three months' subscriptions to the Weekly Blade at ten cents. They start out to raise a club of ten, and usually become so interested in the work that they secure fifty, one hundred or even more names the first day. Then they continue the work to see what they can really do.

We notice that a number of club-raisers are selecting books consecutively, beginning with No. 1 on the list. This shows that they have an idea of sending in names enough to get the entire series of books, or else are interested to see how high up in the list they will get before September 1.

This is a good idea, and we are determined to encourage it. Therefore, we propose to announce another list of ten prizes, which will in no wise conflict with the other, but will be in addition thereto. By this we mean that it will be possible for any one person to obtain a prize from both lists.

First—We offer a Blade sewing machine to every person who will secure, during the three summer months, the whole list of sixty-eight books as premiums. This premium is worth $18.

Second—We offer a hunting-cased gold watch—described as No. 1 in The Blade list—worth $15.75, to every person who will secure, during the same time sixty premium books.

Third—We offer a hunting-cased coin silver watch—described as No. 27 in the Blade list—worth $10, to every person who will secure 58 premium books.

Fourth—We offer a Blade china dinner set, 108 pieces, valued at $9.25, to every person who will secure 56 premium books.

Fifth—We offer an open-faced coin silver watch—described as No. 26 in the Blade list—valued at $6.50, to every person who will secure 50 premium books.

Sixth—We offer an open-faced nickel silver Elgin watch—described as No. 4 in the Blade watch list—valued at $5.50, to any person who will secure 48 premium books.

Seventh—We offer one dozen of table knives, described in the Blade list, and valued at $4.25, to any person who will secure 45 premium books.

Eighth—We offer one Blade china tea set, 56 pieces, valued at $4.00, to any person who will secure 43 premium books.

Ninth—We offer one dozen nickel table spoons, described in the Blade list, valued at $2.35, to any person who will secure 40 premium books.

Tenth—We offer one dozen nickel tea spoons, as described in the Blade list, valued at $1.25, to any person who will secure 30 premium books.

We call particular attention to the fact that the above offers are NOT merely offered to the FIRST persons securing the above number of books, but to ALL who reach the required number. This offer, therefore, does not mean merely ten prizes, but it may possibly mean 100 prizes, as we apprehend a very large number will, during the season, secure the above prizes.

Be SURE and number your lists of names consecutively, so that we can tell, at a glance, how your list stands on September 1. Many of our readers are already advanced toward some of the above premiums, and hundreds more can very easily secure the same prizes, if they go at the work at once.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We desire to send specimen copies of the Weekly Blade to thousands who are not regular subscribers. We want everybody to know the special features announced for publication this summer, as well as the low price we make for clubs. Will our readers please send us addresses of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies? And we desire especially those who want to raise clubs, to write us for all the specimens they need.

NOW FOR AUGUST!

This is the last issue of the Weekly Blade for July. The next number will be dated August 1.

REMEMBER, our three-months' offer closes with August 31.

It will NOT be extended nor renewed.

Therefore, make up your mind to hustle for clubs for the Weekly Blade. You have yet one full month before you.

Names are coming in at a very satisfactory rate, but we hope for large additions during August.

Especially do we want more clubs of ten from the smaller postoffices of the country. Remember, you get your choice of books for each club of ten.

Try the effect of a little personal effort. You will be astonished to find how easy it is to raise a club at our absurdly low rate for three months.

NEW YORK'S SUNDAY LAW.

As The Blade readers know, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt was appointed one of the "reform" board of Police Commissioners of New York city, by Mayor Strong. Mr. Roosevelt is a Republican in politics, but he is also a strong civil service reformer. He believes in appointing men to positions because of their fitness, not because of their political service; and he also believes that laws are made to be obeyed, and not disregarded. Hence, he and his fellow commissioners set to work to endeavor to enforce obedience to the law which says that saloons shall not be open on Sunday.

This effort has raised a veritable tempest. The Democratic newspapers, especially those which sympathize with Tammany, are charging that the enforcement of the Sunday closing law is the work of Republican officials, and that the suffering people who mourn because thereof must rise in their might and elect Democrats to office, in order that the law may be ignored, as it was before. Senator David B. Hill has championed the liquor interest, and in a letter to T. M. Roche, president of the Young Men's Democratic Union, says he appreciates "the annoyances and hardships the people must suffer" under the present regime, and then adds:

Relief can only be anticipated through the action of a Democratic legislature to be chosen next fall, with a Democratic majority sufficient to pass a liberal measure over the governor's veto. The history of excise legislation in this state shows that ever since the enactment of the Republican Excise law in 1857, which was a strict, narrow, and Puritanical act, all the efforts to modify and liberalize its provisions, some of which have been successful, have met with violent Republican opposition, and have always been supported by the Democracy. The responsibility of the existing Sunday provisions is upon the Republicans who enacted them, and they cannot escape from it or evade it.

Mr. Roosevelt had no hesitancy in taking up the gage of battle thrown down by the demagogue, Hill, and he touches up the Senator as follows:

As a party man I am delighted to have my opponents make a party issue of the enforcement of the law, but as an American citizen I feel ashamed that any party leaders should expose their party to the degradation of making as an issue the demand for the violation of law. I hope that for the sake of decent American citizenship all honest men of every party will indignantly repudiate advice given only in the interest of corrupt and disorderly classes.

I have seen plenty of base demagogy in my career, but a baser demagogy than that of those who protest against our enforcement of the law because it is against the poor man I never have seen. The men who make that plea, headed by a United States senator from this state, know that we are fighting the richest and most powerful organization that there is in this city; that is an organization which has much money in its control, and which will spend its money as freely as it can to defeat the effort to secure an honest government. I mean the brewery influence.

Hon. Carl Schurz has joined in the discussion, and in a letter to the Staats Zeitung, the leading German newspaper of New York city, defends the action of the mayor and the police board, and protests against any course of action that would threaten the restoration of Tammany to power in that city. To this the Staats Zeitung makes editorial reply, in which it declares that "the Sunday law remains unenforceable, despite all the endeavors to enforce it; the police well know this, and their chase in the impossible task has a far more demoralizing effect than the exercise of discretion of authority on the part of the police."

As an illustration of the kind of arguments that are being used against the excise law and the Republican party, in favor of the open Sunday saloon, we quote the following editorial from the New York World:

The Penal Code, section 263, forbids all labor on Sunday "excepting the work of necessity or charity." But it adds:

"In works of necessity or charity is included whatever is needful during the day for the good order, health, or comfort of the community."

Is not selling beer on Sunday "needful to the comfort and perhaps the health of those persons with whom it is the usual beverage on the six other days of the week? Is not beer as necessary and comforting as are iced water, milk, tea, or coffee to those who habitually drink these beverages every day? Is there not an unlawful interference with the personal right and individual liberty of citizens in the edict that customary beverages shall not be sold on Sunday except to those who are fortunate enough to belong to a club or to live at a hotel?

Strange as such utterances must appear to readers of The Blade, it is a fact that many thousands of voters will be swayed by such considerations. Were there not a large section of the community in favor of the open saloon on Sunday no paper would take the trouble to advocate such a glaring insult to the moral sense of the American people. Shutting the saloons on Sunday does not stop drinking on that day. It merely causes the laying in of a supply of beer or other intoxicant on Saturday night, by those who are able, for Sunday drinking. Those who can not or do not wish to do this, cross to Hoboken, or Jersey City, or Brooklyn, or go to Coney Island and similar resorts, and indulge as they will.

The lesson teaches the point on which The Blade has insisted for years—that in the warfare against the saloon, the first thing needed is not legislation so much as it is popular education. If men can be brought to see the evil they do themselves and their families, physically and morally; the evil they do their fellow men; the utter wastefulness of the spending of money for brewery swill or distillery spirits, they will voluntarily abandon its use, or abstain from making a beginning; and they will, furthermore, be willing to join the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

It makes the cold chills run along Mr. Cleveland's spine as he reads the returns of the English parliamentary elections, and notes what a terrible spanking an inefficient administration has achieved for its party.

It is funny to hear Tammany bosses yelling at Teddy Roosevelt that "New York is bossed too much." It makes all the difference in the world to them who is doing the bossing.

The struggle for supremacy between electricity and the steam locomotive is a very interesting spectacle to those of a scientific turn of mind.

There is now absolute proof that Indians can not stand civilization. Two Indian women in Nebraska have died from drinking hard cider.

STAMBOULOFF, RUSSIA'S VICTIM.

The murderous attack of hired assassins upon Stambouloff, and the death of the latter, is another of the events which mark the progress of the slow moving "Eastern Question" in Europe. There is but little doubt that "the Bismarck of Bulgaria" was murdered by Russian agents. It is a wonder of wonders that it was not done long ago, for he has steadily maintained Bulgaria against Russian influence since 1873.

Bulgaria was a dependency of Turkey. Russia has for generations set her eyes upon Constantinople. She wishes to drive the "unspeakable Turk" out of Europe, absorb European Turkey for her own, and transfer the capital of the Czars from the banks of the Neva to those of the Bosphorus, to make the city of Constantine the capital of a new Eastern empire—but Russian instead of Greek.

Russia's policy is cold blooded and slow. She never forgets that she can afford to wait. For years she has held herself to be the protector of the Greek Christians in Turkish possessions; and has used this more than once to stir up dissensions and weaken Turkey's power. In 1853, she used the oppressions of Christians in the Danubian principalities as an excuse to demand of Turkey certain concessions which the Porte refused, on the ground that to grant them would be to practically abdicate her sovereignty over these principalities. The Crimean War followed; and at that time Turkey would have been wiped from the map of Europe had not England and France, fearing to have Russia become overshadowing in European politics, thus disturbing the "balance of power," joined Turkey and defeated the Russian armies.

Again Russia waited until the times were ripe for another attempt. Then Russian agents stirred up the ignorant masses of the Bulgarian Christians, and Turkish armies butchered 20,000 of them—men, women and children—with atrocities only equalled by the more recent Armenian massacres. Then came the war for which Russia had intrigued, and of which these massacres were the excuse. Bulgaria was made a principality, tributary to Turkey.

Russia counted upon a prince who would be the puppet of the Czar. Probably she would have succeeded in this had it not been for Stephan Stambouloff. He was a statesman and a ptriot. He believed in Bulgaria for the Bulgarians. He did not desire his country to be controlled by Russia any more than by Turkey. He did not desire a mere change of masters, but that Bulgaria should be her own master. All his policy had this for its goal. Alexander of Battenberg was made the Prince of Bulgaria. He was at first pliant to Russian influence. Under Stambouloff's lead he annexed Roumelia and defeated Servia; he was touched with the spirit of Bulgarian independence, and no longer obeyed the secret mandates of the St. Petersburg cabinet. Russia had him deposed, that a prince of her liking might take his place.

But she failed, for Prince Ferdinand was not her choice. She has never recognized him as the sovereign of Bulgaria, but her secret agents have been busy at Sofia and throughout the principality. Her intrigues were a factor in political disorders which culminated in the resignation of Stambouloff as Premier, a little over a year ago. But in retirement he was a force to be reckoned with, as his assassination shows.

Prince Ferdinand is ambitious to be recognized by Russia as the Bulgarian ruler. A few weeks ago, a deputation of Bulgarian politicians went to St. Petersburg to obtain by suitable pledges, that recognition from the young Czar, whose father always refused to be aware of even Ferdinand's existence. It is reported that one of the first questions asked by the Russian minister of foreign affairs was whether, as politics stood in Bulgaria, they considered the return of Stambouloff to power a probability? They answered that they did.

The next development is the murder of Stambouloff on the streets of Sofia by assassins. It is not safe in Eastern Europe to be an enemy of the Czar.

TRUE BIMETALLISM.

The general lack of knowledge on the present phase of the financial question is well illustrated by an editorial article in the Detroit Tribune. Speaking of the Hort-Harvey debate, that paper arrives at the following conclusions:

The whole subject is one of standard, not of use. It is a question what shall constitute the American dollar, not what kind of money shall be circulated. Shall 25.8 grains of gold stand for a dollar, or shall 412½ grains of silver, or shall in some other way a medium between the two be the unit or measure of values?

This latter is true bimetallism, and nothing else is. To favor bimetallism and at the same time insist that every dollar must be equal in value to 25.8 grains of gold is a dishonest quibble.

The Republican party has repeatedly pronounced for bimetallism and the Tribune stands squarely on the party platforms.

It is true that the question is one of standards, but the Tribune's explication stops short of the entire truth. The present standard of value is 25.8 grains of standard gold—the gold dollar—and it has been the standard ever since 1873. Every transaction of purchase and sale, of borrowing and lending, since that time has been made on the basis of 25.8 grains of standard gold to the dollar.

It is equally true that, were the theories of the "free silver at 16 to 1" men to be carried out, there would be a change of standards. Instead of 25.8 grains of standard gold being the dollar, it would then consist of 412.5 grains of standard silver.

Now, 25.8 grains of standard gold is worth about twice as much as 412.5 grains of standard silver. Hence the change the silver men would bring about would be to make a dollar of just about half the value, and half the purchasing power of the present dollar.

But the Tribune is utterly in error in its definition of bimetallism. It does not mean that "a medium between the two" shall be "the unit or measure of values."

It means, just now, exactly what the Tribune says it does not mean—that every dollar shall be equal in value to 25.8 grains of gold. It means adding silver to gold as primary money, on the basis of dollars of both metals of equal bullion values. Read the money plank of the Minneapolis platform, and you will see that to be the only practical method of carrying out its demands. There is certainly no movement among Republicans to reduce the actual value of the present dollar in any manner.

Senator Sherman's remark that he is too old to be President is a sort of back-hander at Governor Levi P. Morton.

The talk about Cleveland and third term is only hot weather gabble. No sane man imagines that he could get it.

WHY GOLD WOULD GO OUT.

The following inquiry from a gentleman of Toledo reached us yesterday too late for editorial reply in the paper of that date:

Editor Blade:—In one of your closing paragraphs in your editorial on the Horr and Harvey Debate this (Wednesday) evening, you say: "Now comes Mr. Harvey, and others who think like himself, with the proposition that we shall take the back track. We shall go back to silver as the standard, say they, and let our gold go."

Now the questions I would like to ask are these: Suppose we restore to silver the same privilege it had prior to 1873; who would get our gold, and by what process would they take it? Are not most of the gold obligations of this country held abroad, term bonds, and if so, how? Could we be compelled to pay them before maturity? It seems hardly likely that we should part with our gold without making a pretty good bargain.

What we referred to was the fact that gold would go out under the operation of "Gresham's law"—which is not a statute, but a generalization of a fact. Sir Thomas Gresham, a London merchant of the days of Queen Elizabeth, was the first one to record the fact that, when coins of two kinds, such as gold and silver, circulate concurrently in a country, both having the same legal tender powers, the one least valuable drives out the other; or, to put it in other words, the coin which has the less bullion worth becomes the measure of values, and the one worth the more is sold as bullion, and does not circulate as money.

We have had instances enough of this in our own history to show its truth to any disinterested observer. In 1805, President Jefferson ordered the mint to stop the coinage of silver dollars, because they were exported as fast as coined. Why? The country was full of Spanish and Mexican silver, somewhat worn, and thus of slightly less weight, and therefore less valuable than our silver dollars; but these light weight coins passed among the people at their face value. The difference in value of a single coin or two was so small that people disregarded it in retail transactions. But when coin is exported to pay for goods, or for any other purpose, it always is taken at its bullion value. Hence, merchants and others engaged in foreign trade made a profit by shipping American dollars. The profit on each was but a cent or so, but on $1,000, or several times that amount, it was worth considering. Here is a practical example of the workings of Gresham's law.

During the same period—from about 1804 onward—the same thing was true of all our gold coin. A $10 gold piece would buy only ten dollars' worth here, but it would bring a little more abroad than $10 in silver. Hence the gold went steadily abroad, and Representative Lowndes, in a speech in the House in 1818, said of gold: "It can scarcely be considered as having formed a material part of our circulation for the last twenty-six years."

Now, if a difference is actual bullion value between the gold dollar and the silver dollar of only a cent, or two, or three, caused the more valuable to disappear from circulation in obedience to the Gresham law, it certainly needs no argument to prove, with the silver dollar really worth only about half a gold dollar, that the latter would disappear with the utmost promptitude, and the circulation be reduced by the six hundred millions of gold we now have.

It may be that our friend can not see why this would be so, because a silver dollar will buy just as much today as a gold dollar. This fact misleads a great many who do not understand why it is so. The reason is this: Any one can exchange, at any subtreasury, silver dollars for greenbacks or treasury notes of 1890. He can take these to another window, demand and get gold for them. This double exchange is really the same as redeeming the 50-cent silver dollars in gold.

But, with unlimited free coinage, how long would the gold reserve of one hundred and seven millions last?

Every man of any business sense, who had the ability to do so, would rush to the treasury to get gold for greenbacks and treasury notes of 1890. Within a day all the gold would be exhausted, and the treasury would be compelled to redeem them, when presented, in silver dollars. With that, the silver dollar would drop to its bullion value; or, to put it in other words, gold would go to a premium and disappear from circulation. It would take two silver dollars to equal a gold dollar in puchasing power.

We trust this explanation is plain enough to be understood by our querist.

OUR NEXT SERIAL.

Some time in August we propose beginning the publication of another serial story, in addition to the one now running in our columns. It is a story of American life of the present day, deeply interesting, and bearing a lesson which will be of benefit to every reader. It is entitled:

AN ENEMY'S WORK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Mr. Rexford is a well-known American writer, and his writings are favorites with the great mass of intelligent readers. This story was not prepared for the general literary market, but was written expressly for The Blade, with an eye single to its vast army of readers who find in it their ideal type of family newspaper. Mr. Rexford has known The Blade for years, and was a contributor to its columns in the past. His thousands of old friends among our readers will be glad to welcome him back again.

A dispatch from Berlin says that if the German government does not call an international bimetallic conference the German bimetallic league will take the initiative, and the French and English leagues will follow suit. This may be done; but such a conference as that suggested would be of no more significence than any other gathering of unofficial theorists for purposes of mutual encouragement or admiration. The last experiment at Brussels showed that, even when called and meeting under governmental auspices, an international bimetallic conference may be of very little practical value; but a mere convocation of leagues would be a very lame and impotent conclusion of all the talk of international bimetallism. It would hinder the real progress of the movement.

The popular idea that the men owning stock in a great Trust are making money galore is an error. This is seen by the fact that the National Cordage company, which before the panic was supposed to represent $33,000,000 worth of property, is now boiled down to less than $5,000,000. The men who own the stock suffered the loss of $28,000,000.

It is said the Nicaraguan government is about to revoke the concession to build the Nicaraguan canal. Probably this is the first step in a movement which will result in Great Britain's constructing the ditch, and therefore controlling it.

THE BLADE'S SILVER DISCUSSION.

We are now enabled to announce five of the papers for which we have arranged, as stated in previous announcements, upon the all-absorbing silver question.

We propose to give the argument on both sides of the question. Our arrangements are as yet not all made, nor is it necessary that the series shall be complete in order to begin publication.

The papers we now have on hand, and which we will soon begin to publish are as follows:

"THE SILVER QUESTION."

This paper is a general review of the entire subject, and is from the pen of Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, who is an eminent authority on economic topics, both in this country and in the Old World. His writings are deemed of the highest authority, and received with respect by all.

"THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THE DECLINE IN THE VALUE AND USE OF SILVER."

This is written by Hon. DAVID A. WELLS, one of the leading economists and thinkers of the world. He has been for years an authority on all economic subjects on both sides of the Atlantic.

"FIAT MONEY."

The author of this is Mr. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well known political economist. He is a trenchant writer, and his clear and luminous style makes his argument very plain.

"OUR BANK NOTE CIRCULATION."

The author of this paper is Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

"THE EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE AT 16 TO 1."

This is from the pen of the Hon. A. B. HEPBURN, formerly comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, and now President of the Third National Bank of New York city. Mr. Hepburn is an authority on financial matters, and he discusses the question from the business man's standpoint.

These papers we have on hand. We are in correspondence with the other gentlemen whose names have been given in former announcements, and as soon as the papers are in our hands will add them to the above.

We are in correspondence with a Massachusetts gentleman, who has the unique record among his friends in that state, that his controversial writings have never been and can not be satisfactorily answered. He believes in free silver at 16 to 1. We have written him asking for a paper on the subject, and hope to give his answer next week.

We are also in correspondence with others who take the same view.

The Blade will discuss each article editorially as it appears. Nothing like such a discussion, by notable men, has been attempted by any other paper, and it will be the most valuable contribution to the settlement of the question.

PENSION "REISSUES."

Have you noted, in the lists of pensions granted, published in the daily papers, how largely the item of "reissues" exceeds in numbers any other classification? If not, just make an examination and convince yourself.

Now, what are these reissues?

That list is of the unfortunates who have had their pensions reduced under Hoke Smith's mode of procedure.

Few people stop to think that the process has been going on for more than a year. A pensioner receives notice that his pension is to be cut off, but that he will have thirty days in which to prove that he is entitled to it. That is to say, he is, like a prisoner, charged with a crime and compelled to prove his innocence.

He is accused of not having a pensionable disability, and therefore that he is not entitled to a pension; and he is required to go to work and prove that he is justly entitled to it, within thirty days.

These reissues are pensions of such people which have been allowed again—but at a lower figure than that originally received.

The Ohio Soldier, published at Chillicothe, gives the following instance of this process of "Hoking the veterans," which is duplicated in hundreds of cases in Ohio, and in many thousands in the entire country:

Elias Washburn, Adams county, has rheumatism, chronic diarrhea, catarrh and deafness, and draws a pension of $12 per month. Lochren has given notice that this does not constitute a sufficient degree of disability to entitle the pensioner to so munificent a sum. In a short time, under the report of pensions issued, will appear the name of Elias Washburn, under the head of reissue. The public will think Elias has struck a bonanza, and there is a new name on the pension roll. Elias will know that it is a notice that his pension has been reduced to $6 per month, and that it would probably have been $4 or $2 per month, but for the law of last year which makes the minimum pension $6. The daily papers, in publishing the list of pensions granted, should have a note under that head of each report explaining that reissues are in fact unlawful reductions and thus defeat the little confidence game Lochren is playing on the public. If they can't defeat the robbery of disabled soldiers, they can at least publish the record so the public may know what is going on.

Senator Teller, of Colorado, has taken public occasion to announce that he will not "follow the Republican party into the gold-bug camp." The Republican party is not going into "the gold-bug camp," neither is it going to follow Teller into the silver monometallist camp. The sooner he, and bastard Republicans like himself, declare themselves Populists, the better every true Republican will be pleased.

One of the queer things of English politics is that the Irish home rulers are aiding the Tories in defeating the Liberals, because the latter did not give home rule to Ireland. As the Tories are unalterably committed against home rule, this proceeding is idiotic, to say the least. If the Irish are that sort of people, they are not fit to govern themselves.

There is still much friction between Russia and Japan over Korean matters. The Queen of Korea's party, which is in the ascendency in the government, leans toward Russia, and it looks as though through that influence Port Lasareff will be sold to Russia. What Japan will say to this is hard to determine, but there are possibilities of grave complications in the situation.

NASBY ON SILVER.

The following letter was published in the Toledo Blade in February, 1878, during the time the Bland silver bill was before Congress:

Mr. Nasby on the Money Question.

Confedrit X Roads,
(Which is in the State uv Kentucky),
Feb. 23, 1878.

The silver bill don't amount to a soo markee for the Corners. In the first place Bascom hez alreddy put up the price uv likker to correspond with the depreshiashun uv silver, so there ain't nothin made in that direckshun.

When it comes to payin debts with greater eeze it doesnt help us a particle, for we never intend to pay em at all. We hev a shorter method uv deelin with bloated bondholders.

But ez we want to pay, we must be furnisht with suthin to pay in. Silver ain't goin to do it, for how kin we git the silver? Ef our notes wood git silver, and other people wood take that silver at any discount, then it wood anser, for ef ther is any one thing that a Cross-Roader delites in, it is givin his note. We wood even go so far as to sekoor em by endorsement. I wood endorse Deekin Pogram's paper and he wood endorse mine, and we wood all endorse for each other, ef it wood soothe the minds uv the lenders and make em any more contented. Repudiashun is jist ez easy and vastly more comprehensive and all-embracin in its effex than any sich parshel releef ez debasin the currency. Ef they hev morgages and see fit to foreclose, let em. A dozen men with shot-guns kin easily hold the minyuns uv the law at bay, and by the time a dozen or more uv the graspin oppressors hev the tops uv there heads blowd off, they will begin to remember that the debtor class hev rites that will hev to be respectid.

But there ain't no yoose uv talkin uv this. The public lack confidence in us. I don't suppose I cood go to any uv the money centers uv the world and borrow a hundred thousand dollars on my own name, with the endorsement uv the Deekin. I never cood find any one more confidin than to lend me $8.32 at one vencher.

Wat we want is a money that we kin git hold uv—that everybody kin git all he wants uv. Ef my sojestion uv makin leather dollars is rejectid by a unwise generashun which don't recognize their benefactors, why then let us hev suthin which is at once substanshel and kin be made plenty. My plan is this:

Give every corporashen the rite to ishoo jist ez much money ez it wants to, based upon the faith uv the corporashen wich ishoos it. For instance, the corporashen uv Confedrit X Roads ishoos its script to jist sich an amount ez it chooses, and distribits it pro rata among its citizens. That scrip shel be legle tender for everything, and any one refoosin to take it shel be immejitly taken out and hung. Some sich legishen ez that wood be necessary to inspire confidence.

The effeck wood be miraculous. Then we wood all hev money, and cood pay the bloatid bondholders without trouble. We shood hev money with wich to stimulate enterprise and give the spirit uv progress wich belongs to the Amerikin character full scope to run and be glorified. Then we cood bild railroads, and factries and distilleries, and go on in a way that wood astonish the effete governments uv the Old World. Then wood there come a period uv prosperity onto us that wood make up for the depreshn uv the last four years, and things wood be smooth again.

This is better than the Silver bill, or anything that I know uv. Mooneysipal bankin is the remedy for our finanshel woes, and it is the only thing that will save us. Let the friends uv silver abandon their skeem and come to the support uv mine. Silver is only a parshel relief—my idea is complete. With sich money I cood pay off Bascom and hev enuff to live on to the last day uv my life.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Financeer.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The Blade has often adverted to the chronic incapacity of the Democratic party to legislate in a business way on national finances. Following the theories of doctrinaires rather than availing itself of our own experience in the past, or that of other nations, it has never been placed in power that it did not make a muddle of the nation's finances.

The Republican party, on the other hand, has always struck out clear, business-like lines of policy. First, it adopted the proper legislation to bring in enough revenue for the needs of the government, and something besides to meet the bonded debt; then it used this surplus in paying the debt.

After the close of the war, with its enormous expenses, the history of Republican administrations, or of administrations which were compelled to conduct the affairs of the government under legislation enacted by Republican Congresses, is a record of a full Treasury, of a steady reduction of the public debt, and of refunding it at lower rates so as to lighten the annual interest burden by many millions.

The record of the two years of a Democratic administration under Democratic revenue legislation shows that the Democratic revenue law fails to raise enough money for the actual needs of the government; that it was necessary to borrow money, thus increasing the national debt and adding to the yearly interest burden.

The Republican record stands thus: During the twenty-seven years of Republican administration, which afforded protection to American labor and industries, from 1866 to 1892, the interest bearing debt of the United States was decreased by $1,747,301,878, the account standing as follows at the two periods:

Year.	Interest bearing debt.
1866	$2,222,321,208
1892	585,029,330
Decrease under protection	$1,747,301,878

The Democratic record stands thus: During the two years of a free trade administration the interest bearing debt of the United Staes increased from $585,037,000 in 1893 up to $716,202,060 on June 30, 1895. The increase during these two years was $131,164,720, the account standing as follows:

Year.	Interest bearing debt.
1895	$716,202,060
1893	585,037,350
Increase under free trade	$131,164,720

During the twenty-seven years of Republican protection, the average annual decrease in the interest bearing debt of the country was $64,714,884. During the last two years of a Democratic free trade administration the average annual increase in the interest bearing debt of the United States was $65,582,365.

This comparative record shows two things—the business character of Republican legislation and financiering, and the superiority of the protective policy. Despite all the arguments of the Democrats in favor of the policy of favoring foreign manufacturers and foreign workingmen to the detriment of our own, there is no voter of the United States, among the working class, who has felt the pinch of the business depression of the past two years, who would not sooner to-day have the prosperous times of 1891 and 1892 under a protective tariff than the hard times since June, 1893, with the Wilson tariff.

If silence has its reward, then Tom Reed will be the next president.

PERSONAL NOTES.

A young woman of Gorin, Mo., who is only 20 years old, is eight feet two inches tall and weighs 250 pounds.

A Georgia man named Damm recently became the father of a bouncing girl. In a fit of mental aberration he had her christened Hebe.

Sampson Prewitt, a Missouri man, has just sued for divorce from his wife, who left him thirty-four years ago. Those Missouri people are slow.

The Rev. Madison C. Peters, of New York, is pronounced against the bicycle, saying that its influence upon the young of both sexes is pernicious.

Sam Jones is out for sound money. Sam is all right. He is making a good deal of money himself these days, and very naturally he desires the best in the market.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is ungrateful. Not long ago she even declared that had she known or believed in the penalties of fame she would never have written a line.

The Rev. Joseph Cook is undertaking a hazardous experiment. He is going to the other side of the world and intends to leave America to run itself for the next two years.

Mr. Charles C. Harrison has signalized his election as Provost of the University of Pennsylvania by giving the university $500,000 in memory of his father, the late George Leib Harrison.

Sir B. W. Richardson, an eminent English specialist, declares that cycling causes a great rapidity of the heart's action at the expense of vitality. He says a rider while on the wheel invariably has a rapid pulse, not infrequently from 150 to 200 per minute.

Mrs. John W. Foster, whose husband is now absent as a peace envoy to negotiate a treaty between China and Japan, has more curios than any woman in Washington.

Dickenson county, Virginia, has a woman mailcarrier, who carries the mail on a route leading from Clintwood, daily. Her name is Baker and she is a widow of nearly 60; has reared a large family and is now dependent upon her own exertions for a livelihood.

A woman moonshiner from the mountains of Polk county, North Carolina, was brought before the United States court at Charlotte a few days ago. It was shown that she had been doing an extensive business in distilling and selling moonshine whisky. She was fined $100 and sent to jail for three months.

John J. Overton, 88 years old, and a veteran of three wars, is on trial at Ft. Smith, Ark., for forgery and presenting false claims against the government. He served in the Black Hawk war, the Mexican war and the civil war, having been a member of Co. I, Fortieth regiment Iowa volunteers.

Anton Lipo, of Miskolcz, the last Hungarian survivor of the battle of Leipsic, died lately at that city. For some years he had been the only living person wearing the "cannon cross," made of the guns taken in battle, the emblem of the military order of St. Louis, founded by Emperor Francis of Austria for the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. His cross was buried with him.

Mr. Wanamaker has increased his life insurance to the remarkable aggregate of $2,000,000. He is certainly the most heavily insured man in America, and possibly in the world. John B. Stetson, of Philadelphia, has policies on his life for $750,000, and Hamilton Disston for $500,000. Chauncey M. Depew is said to be insured for $500,000.

Harold Frederic recalls the fact that the Prussian Order of Merit, which Herbert Spencer has declined, was declined years ago by Arago and Thiers, and that it was accepted by Carlyle, who would never accept anything else. Mr. Spencer's refusal is said to have been caused wholly by his disbelief in the theories of divine right and personal sovereignty upon which the Prussian monarchy rests.

The Belgian liga for woman's rights publishes a call upon the proprietors of large stores in Brussels to allow their saleswomen to use chairs part of the day. The mercants decline on the ground that their wealthy customers would object if the saleswomen were seen seated. The league, not considering the objection as tenable, has promulgated the circular wherein the women are called upon to boycott the stores in which the use of chairs or stools is prohibited.

Rutgers College boys will probably think twice before again blocking travel on a street with railway ties for the fun of the thing. Last Sunday night, in a spirit of mischief, they did this thing, and then watched the fun when travel was impeded. But some one gave them away to the police, and these officials routed the students out, some scantily clad, and forced them to replace the ties where they had gotten them. It was a two hours' sweltering job, performed amid the jeers of a good sized crowd.

When Will Allen Dromgoole, the Southern novelist, applied for the place of engrossing clerk in the Tennessee house of representatives several years ago she signed her application to a member of the house, "Will Allen Dromgoole." The answer she received ran as follows: "Dear Sir: I got your letter all right and would like the best in the world to give you a job, but I'll be d—d if I vote for any man while there are so many deserving and charming young women looking for a position of the kind." The woman took the hint, set the representative right and received the appointment.

Mrs. Jack Gardner, of Boston, who is somewhat celebrated for her peculiarities as a social star, has been attracting attention in Venice this spring. She and her husband have been occupying one of the handsome, historical palaces on the grand canal, where they have given various entertainments. When the king of Italy visited Venice to open the international art exhibition now in progress there, Mrs. Gardner sent him a large basket of flowers. It is related that the king was irate at receiving such an attention from a woman, naturally thinking that the flowers should have been sent to the queen. He was about to order them to be thrown out of the window, when one of his aides remarked apologetically: "Oh, it is only a gift from some gardener's wife."

SOME WELL KNOWN NAMES.

Sir Henry Bessemer, the "steel king," 82 years of age, continues to take a keen interest in scientific matters, and keeps himself up to date. His peculiarity is that he will not give any one his autograph.

At Boulogne a private saloon carriage is kept for the Prince of Wales on the continent. It was built to order and cost, at a cost of about $25,000, and cannot be maintained for less than $1,250 a year.

Governor Brown, of Maryland, is one of the heirs of the late James Carroll, of Charles county, a collateral descendant of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. The governor's share of the estate is estimated to be worth $250,000.

Senator and Mrs. Wilkinson Call are at Hot Springs, Va., where they have been on account of Mrs. Call's health. The Senator will spend the months of October and November in Florida, and will make a tour of the state.

T. L. Reed, founder of the town of Reedley, Cal., has 5,000 acres in wheat this year, and already has many reapers at work. One of his great farms is near Reedley, but the largest one, consisting of 25,000 acres, is near Minturn.

Rufus Waterhouse, a wealthy manufacturer of men's furnishing goods in New York, recently deceased, has left a legacy of $250,000 to found a consumption ward in St. Luke's hospital, to be named in honor of his deceased wife.

Colonel Switzler, the nestor of Missouri journalism, still a vigorous and capable newspaper man, wrote his first editorial for his own paper in 1841. The Sedalia Capital claims for him the distinction of being the oldest editor in the United States.

William Boyce, a Muskegon, Mich., bachelor who died a few days ago, lived in a little house he did his own cooking, and everybody supposed he was poverty-stricken. An inventory of his estate shows $25,000 personal and $100,000 real estate.

Governor Buckner, of Kentucky, is well along in the seventies, but his hair, which is silvery white, is the only indication of the fact. His face is round, his hands as steady as a Western ribbeman's, and his step is as springy as a youth of 20, while his voice is clear and distinct.

Charles E. Barber, of the mint at Philadelphia, has a workshop in which are turned out all the dies for Uncle Sams pieces of money. Every now and then the government wants a new coin struck for one purpose or another, and the devices for it are produced by Mr. Barber and his assistants.

Harry C. Evans, of Ottumwa, Ia., has during the last two years worked in the treasury department and studied law at night. He has been graduated as No. 3 in a class of 117, and was one of the six who received honorable mention by the faculty for scholarship. For excellence in debate he won the first prize—a set of law books costing $100.

Rev. Dr. Rufus L. Per

The Weekly Blade Three Months

Only Ten Cents!

In Clubs of Ten or More Names at a Time.

With Valuable Premium for Each Ten Names,

And Ten Grand Prizes Besides!

Read the Following---The Best Offer The Blade Ever Made:

Referring to the several announcements on the fourth page of this paper, of our intention for special educational matter on the silver question, presented in a plain way for plain people, we think every reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade will agree with us that we should have at least a quarter of a million additional readers during the next few months.

And we are determined that the Blade shall have the largest circulation it ever had in its history. Not for a matter of profit, but for the general good of the public. At the price we announce we will not be paid for the white paper, postage and labor, but we shall at least make the Blade well talked about in every county and village of the whole Union.

Our plans this summer contemplate the publication of matter which will be of absorbing interest to every voter in the United States. Every one must have HONEST information on the silver issue previous to the great Presidential campaign next year. We believe we can set forth this subject in such a manner that the dullest person may become perfectly familiar with the entire subject, so that he will understand which side he should take when the question comes up for decision in the next political campaign. On the fourth page we have clearly stated our intentions on this matter.

Besides this, we shall publish a very interesting family newspaper, with one or two serial stories, and lots of other interesting and useful matter for all members of every family.

Now we propose to offer the Weekly Blade, in clubs of ten or more at a time, for only

Ten Cents for Three Months.

This offer is made during the months of June, July and August only. For every ten names sent us, we shall give the sender of the club a 25-cent book, such as he may select from the list given elsewhere.

We want every reader of The Blade, every person who receives a sample copy of it, and every person who may otherwise receive this as an announcement, to do what they can toward sending us clubs from their respective localities.

There is no postoffice in the United States so small but can send in at least one club of ten names. An ordinary village or thrifty town can supply dozens of such clubs, while large towns can send in names by the hundred.

We desire all clubs made up of at least ten names; but should the club run larger, a book will be sent for each multiple of ten. Whoever sends a club of sixty names, for instance, can select six books from the list, and so on.

You see it will therefore be possible, during the three summer months, to obtain nearly, or quite all, the sixty-odd books we announce. It will be observed, we pay for these clubs as fast as they are sent us, by mailing one book for each ten names. We allow no cash commission, and ten cents net must be sent for each name.

Remittances must be made in current funds. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks. Send a draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or send postoffice order or express order or currency by registered mail.

In addition to the above premiums we offer for these clubs, we will also give

Ten Grand Prizes

to be awarded at the close of the summer season, which will be on September 1, to the ten persons who send us the largest number of subscribers during June, July and August.

1.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending the largest list of names during the summer. Price, $18.

2.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the second largest list. Price, $18.

3.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the third largest list. Price, $18.

4.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham Movement, to the person sending us the fourth largest list. Price, $15.75.

5.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fifth largest list. Price, $15.75.

6.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the sixth largest list. Price, $15.75.

7.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the seventh largest list. Price, $9.25.

8.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the eighth largest list. Price, $9.25.

9.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the ninth largest list. Price, $9.25.

10.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the tenth largest list. Price, $9.25.

Number Your Names Consecutively.

Be sure and number the names consecutively, from No. 1 on your first club, down to the total number in your last club, so that we can tell at a glance, on September 1, how many names you have sent during the summer.

You see you will get your pay in books, as you go along, for all the names you send us, and besides you also stand the chance of getting one of these prizes. Hence the importance of numbering the names as you send them in.

With each club that you send, we want one of our coupons inclosed, as an evidence that you are entitled to the book premium. Those who receive our postal card announcement, may return the postal card with their first club. With all subsequent clubs be sure to inclose a coupon, which will be found at the end of this advertisement. This is important, in order to insure the mailing of your premium book.

You will find it easy work and full of exciting interest, to take names for the Blade at 10 cents. Some member of every family can find time for this work, and in setting out for a club of 10 you will be surprised to see that 40 or 50 names can easily be obtained in a few hours.

Sample Copies.

Send for all the sample copies of The Blade that you want for this work. Send us the names and addresses of all your friends, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies.

We want everybody, men of all parties, to read The Blade this summer. How many scores of names can be obtained in your town? Drop us a postal card and tell us what you think can be done in your neighborhood. We would like to hear from everybody their ideas of the success of this offer in their neighborhood.

We suggest that you send, within a week, the first club of 10 to 20 names, and afterward follow up the matter with at least one club every week during June, July and August.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND INCLOSE WITH YOUR CLUB.

Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Good for a choice of One Book for EACH TEN NAMES.

BOOK PREMIUMS FOR THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

As announced elsewhere, for every ten three months' subscribers sent us between now and September 1, we will mail a choice of the following list of books. They are not trashy cheap books, but printed with large size type on good paper, substantially bound in enameled paper covers. Furthermore, they are all of a high grade of literature. We first offer "The Nasby Letters" so long as our stock lasts. We have but a few hundred copies left. Or, the choice of any of the following 67 books. Name your selections when you send your clubs, and books will be immediately forwarded postpaid by mail.

1.—The Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
2.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay.
3.—A Tillyloss Scandal, by J. M. Barrie.
4.—The House of the Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5.—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
6.—The Coming Race, by Lord Lytton.
7.—Dream Life, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
8.—Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus. Mrs. Shelley.
9.—A Book of Golden Deeds, by C. M. Yonge.
10.—Mosses from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11.—The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
12.—Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.
13.—Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
14.—Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15.—Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.
16.—Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner.
17.—Tales of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Wm. E. Aytoun.
18.—Lucile, by Owen Meredith.
19.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
20.—Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
21.—One of the Profession. White.
22.—Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle
23.—The Idylls of the King, by the late Lord Tennyson.
24.—The Pleasures of Life, by Sir J. Lubbock, Bart.
25.—The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott.
26.—Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
27.—Rab and his Friends, by Dr. John Brown.
28.—Whittier's Poems, by J. Greenleaf Whittier.
29.—The Greatest Thing in the World and Other Addresses, by Prof. Henry Drummond.
30.—Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore.
31.—Longfellow's Poems.
32.—In Memoriam, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
33.—The Princess, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
34.—Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson.
35.—Selections from Robert Browning.
36.—Past and Present, by Thomas Carlyle.
37.—Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius.
38.—Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thos. Carlyle.
39.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. First Series.
40.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. Second Series.
41.—Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
42.—Queen of the Air, by John Ruskin.
43.—Premium Cook Book, by Marian Harland and Others.
44.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 1, by George Eliot.
45.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 2, by George Eliot.
46.—Romola. Part 1, by George Eliot.
47.—Romola. Part 2, by George Eliot.
48.—Lowell's Poems, by James Russell Lowell.
49.—Emerson's Essays, First Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
50.—Emerson's Essays, Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
51.—Ethics of the Dust, John Ruskin.
52.—Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.
53.—Lorna Doone. Part 1, by R. D. Blackmore.
54.—Lorna Doone. Part 2, by R. D. Blackmore.
55.—The Light of Asia, by Arnold.
56.—Last Essays of Elia, by C. Lamb.
57.—Vanity Fair. Part 1, by Thackeray.
58.—Vanity Fair. Part 2, by Thackeray.
59.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron.
60.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 1, by Susan Warner.
61.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 2, by Susan Warner.
62.—Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin.
63.—John Halifax. Part 1, by Mulock.
64.—John Halifax. Part 2, by Mulock.
65.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 1, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
66.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 2, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
67.—Discourses of Epictetus, with Notes translated by George Long.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible in do is not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 35
½ dozen teaspoons	1 85
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 25
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 15
½ dozen table knives	2 20
½ dozen table knives	1 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

Narrow Escape.

"I owe my life to a miracle," said one of the combatants to Murger, the author of "La Vie des Bohemes" ("Life in Bohemia"). "I had left in my pocket a five-franc piece, and the ball struck dead on the spot where it was."

"In your place I should have been a dead man," was Murger's reply.—Le Petit Parisien.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS IT ADVANCES,

And a Discussion of the Propositions It Lays Down.

In the "Third Day" of Coin's Financial School, Mr. Harvey discusses the theory of money. His statements are in the main correct as to primary or redemption money and credit money. Then he begins to argue from the false assumptions of his previous chapters, and says, on page 52:

The demonetization of silver destroyed one-half of the redemption money of the United States. It did it in this way: By making gold the unit and closing the mints to silver, it lessened the demand for silver, and its commercial value at once began to depreciate, as measured in gold.

Where before silver and gold had been tied together as one mass of commodity money, and all property had measured its value in it, now gold became the only measure of value, and silver became credit money—token money.

The moment a new standard of money was set up—only one-half in quantity to what had previously existed—silver began to fluctuate. It was then measured for its value in this new standard for measuring values, and bobbed up and down in the market, no longer possessing that fixed value which free coinage had given it. It was like a kite without a tail and its course was downward. It had changed its position from redemption money to token money.

The demonetization of silver did not destroy one-half the credit money of the United States. The actual basis of our currency had been gold, ever since 1834, as fully shown in previous articles. We never had any large amount of both metals circulating at the same time after 1804. From 1834, the only silver we had was minor coins—the half-dollar, quarter-dollar and dimes.

Furthermore, from 1862 we had neither silver nor gold in circulation. Mr. Harvey, in his debate with Mr. Horr, in Chicago, admitted that we were on a greenback basis from 1862 to 1878. There was no redemption money in the country in 1873. There had been none for eleven years, and there was none until five years after.

The greenback fluctuated in value, being always referred to gold, not to silver. Its value depended on the feeling of the people as to the probability of its early redemption. During the war, a reverse to the Federal armies always caused the greenbacks to drop in value. A victory over the Confederates sent it upward.

How, then, could the act of 1873 have "destroyed one-half the redemption money of the United States?" In plain fact, it did not.

Read the three paragraphs quoted above, and see how absurdly false they are, when compared with the absolute fact—a fact known to every man who had reached adult years during the war period.

Once again let us remind the reader that it was in 1834, and not in 1873, that we stopped pricing our property in silver dollars, or, to mean silver dollars, in our promissory notes. Silver was not banished by a conspiracy of bankers or of creditors, but by the coinage law of 1834. Under that law debtors had the right to use silver or gold dollars in paying their debts. The gold dollars were a little the cheaper, and so they used gold; while silver, being worth a little more as bullion than it was as coin, went into the melting-pot or was exported abroad.

We went along doing business in this way for 28 years—to 1862. All that time the law said silver dollars were a legal tender, but nobody wanted to pay his debts in the dearer metal. In 1862 gold went to a premium as compared with greenbacks; or, to state the fact another way, the greenbacks depreciated. But they were made legal tender by law, and men, in paying their debts, exercised the option that law gave them, and paid their debts in the cheaper currency.

We were on fluctuating greenbacks for sixteen years—from 1862 to 1878. No possible legislation as to gold or silver could affect our business or our finances during all of those sixteen years, in the way Coin assumes that the law of 1873 did.

Coin then goes on to say:

Each succeeding secretary of the treasury points to the law declaring it to be the intention of our financial system to maintain all our money at par. Gold is the most valuable of all our money, and therefore to maintain it all at par, gold must stand under it and do the work of redemption money.

The law simply states an axiom in sound financiering. All of our money should be at par; with one kind of money just as good as any other kind of money.

It is impossible to maintain two kinds of redemption money with one made from property having a commercial value of only one-half, or any noticeable per cent less than the other. When such is the case the lesser must lean on the greater, and to all intents and purposes become credit money, while the more valuable becomes the only redemption money.

The above extract from Coin states the solid truth. No exception can be taken to any statement therein. But we wish to show that Coin here states a fact which injures his theory. Read the last paragraph of the above quotation. He admits it impossible to maintain two kinds of redemption money where one is less in absolute value than the other.

Now, at the ratio of 16 to 1, the absolute worth of the silver dollar is only about half that of the gold dollar.

Coin demands the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1. That is, he demands two kinds of redemption money—silver and gold—the silver only worth half as much as the gold.

But he admits that "it is impossible to maintain two kinds of redemption money" with different values.

He says that "when such is the case the lesser must lean on the greater, and to all intents and purposes becomes credit money, while the more valuable becomes the only redemption money."

This is true if the law provides this, as it now does regarding the silver dollar. But if there is no provision such as we now have, then what happens?

What happened in 1834?

If under these circumstances, you have a debt to pay, and the law allows you to pay it in silver or in gold, and the silver is only worth about half the gold, which will you pay it in?

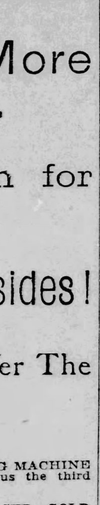
Silver, of course.

Then what happens to the gold?

It goes out of circulation. It is twice as valuable as bullion as it is as coin.

Then all values are measured in silver, and we have the silver standard, and not bimetallism at all.

The remainder of Coin's third day is taken up with a discussion of the relations of primary money to all forms of credit (or of indebtedness, if you prefer that term better), and his theory of how panics are caused. His view is partial, and therefore misleading. Here is the way he builds the structure:



COIN'S "FIRST LESSON."

The base of the column is primary or redemption money. Above this is credit money, properly so placed because it is redeemable in the former. Then above this he places all kinds of bank paper, and still above this all other forms of indebtedness.

The error lies in placing all debts on the foundation of primary money.

If a man wishes to buy goods on credit, does the merchant ask him how much actual money he has?

Certainly not. But the question will be, is he able to pay this account at the end of the month, or whatever date may be specified?

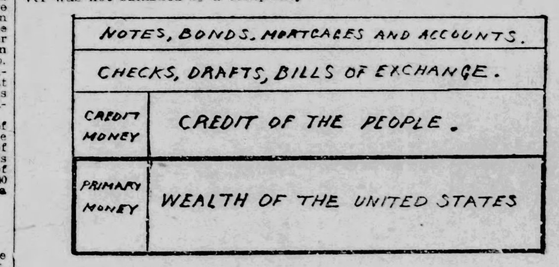
The would-be buyer may be a man on salary, payable monthly. He will probably have no difficulty in obtaining the goods.

He may be a farmer, owning a tract of land. He may not have five dollars in actual money, but he possesses property. Therefore he has credit.

These illustrations show the point we wish to make. The basis of credit is property, or wealth—for the two mean practically the same thing.

Now, money is not the only kind of property. It is not the only kind of wealth. Therefore, the basis of these credits is not primary money, but wealth, or property.

The following diagram expresses the correct view:



THE LESSON, AS CORRECTED.

Taking the United States as a whole, we have, as the basis of all credits, the wealth of the United States—the value of all property, lands, buildings, railways, products, etc.—everything which has any exchangeable value.

One small division of this is primary money. It has a value as bullion, and it is an integral part, though a very small one, of the wealth of the American people. Note that the heavy black line surrounding the base includes it. It is a part of the basis—the property of the people—which is the basis of all credits.

Next above is placed the credit of the people. This is divided into sections. Credit money, a small section, is placed just above primary money, because it is redeemable in the latter.

The next compartment above is checks, drafts and bills of exchange, which do 95 per cent of the large business of the country, and which is not directly based on primary money.

Above this is placed notes, bonds, mortgages and accounts.

Now, it is not necessary for the business of the country that the amount of primary money shall equal the value of all the property of the country.

Nor is it necessary that the amount of primary money shall equal the volume of credit money. The experience of years has led to the rule that one-third is the proper proportion. All credit money can not be presented at the same time, nor even in the same week, for redemption. As primary money is paid out for this purpose, more comes in, through deposits, etc., and thus the supply is kept up.

No more is it necessary to have a volume of money of all kinds equal to the total of the checks, drafts, bills of exchange, etc. These are largely settled by exchange of credits, and actual money plays a secondary part.

The financial panic of 1893 was caused, not by an undue exhaustion of credits, but by the fear that the gold basis of our credit money would be insufficient to meet the flood of credit money in the shape of Treasury notes of 1890, paid out for silver bullion.

In other words, that the gold reserve could not be maintained. Every business man knew that if the Treasury gold were all drawn out, and nothing were left but silver dollars wherewith to redeem greenbacks and Treasury notes of 1890, the country would drop to a silver basis.

They knew, too, that this would mean a financial crash worse than any ever known in our history.

The distrust created a panic. It was followed at once by a trade depression due to the impending tariff changes.

The repeal of the Sherman law was the first measure of safety. Then, after the tariff was changed, business adjusted itself to the new conditions, and we are now on the road to prosperity once more.

When Lightning Strikes a Tree.

It is supposed by some that when a tree is struck by lightning it is torn, not by the electricity, but by the explosion of water suddenly converted into steam by the heat of the arrested current.

Bacon Did Not Eat Much.

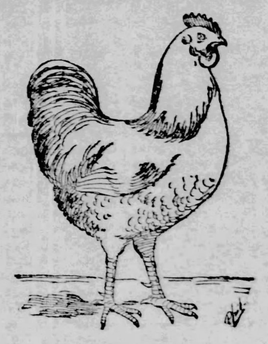
Francis Bacon was plain in his eating tastes. Splendid banquets were provided for his guests, while he himself ate of one or two simple dishes.—Baltimore Herald.

MODERN POULTRY.

SOME OF THE BREEDS FAVORED BY FANCIERS.

An Industry That is Attaining Immense Proportions.

An industry that has developed into immense proportions during the past 25 years is that of poultry raising. Previous to the time named that which is known as the dung-hill chicken largely predominated. It may here be said that a chicken is a fowl under one year old. The demand for fowls and eggs became very urgent, and fancy poultry raising to produce the best fowls for the table as well as the best egg producers was taken up by shrewd, intelligent men to meet the requirements of consumers. Poultry organizations were formed, among them the American Poultry Association, a power for good, and as an outgrowth nearly every state has encouraged poultry raising and innumerable clubs and associations have sprung up. Fanciers have multiplied, and to-day the production of poultry and eggs each year amounts to millions of dollars, exceeding in fact some of the leading farm crops. The new blood introduced, crossing, and careful selection, have been wonderfully beneficial, and no one who wishes to raise fowls at present would think of breeding the old kind of fowl.



PLYMOUTH ROCK COCK DUKE.

The new breeds are greatly better than the old, and even where the barn-yard fowl is seen there is a sprinkling of new blood in its veins.

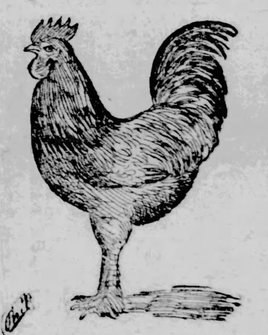
There are many new breeds, so that in a limited space none but leading kinds can here be enumerated. The latest is

The Buff Plymouth Rock.

The Plymouth Rock is purely an American breed, first exhibited at Boston in 1849. They became immensely popular, and are found today in almost every civilized country. Breeders have put forth their best efforts to improve them and have met with marked success. The barred variety have the American Dominique (a strong bird), the Black Spanish and a touch of other blood. The latest production of the Plymouth Rock is the buff.

The Langshan Fowl.

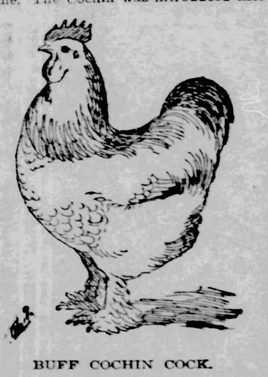
This fowl is an Asiatic production originally, from the Island of Langshan, a Chinese possession. It is black with a greenish tinge. They are a very aristocratic looking fowl, having a good bearing, and very attractive. The cock is in weight about ten pounds, and the hen eight. They are quite popular in many places on account of market value and egg production. They are the only fowl known familiarly as chicken whose flesh has the flavor of the turkey. As a table fowl they stand very high with connoisseurs.



LANGSHAN COCKEREL RICHARD.

The Buff Cochin.

The Cochin fowl is an Asiatic breed. There are several distinct colors in the variety, but the leading kinds are buff, white and partridge, or penciled. They are a bird of great merit, their flesh being fine, and they are good egg producers. The cock makes a weight of eleven pounds and the hen nine. The Cochin was introduced into



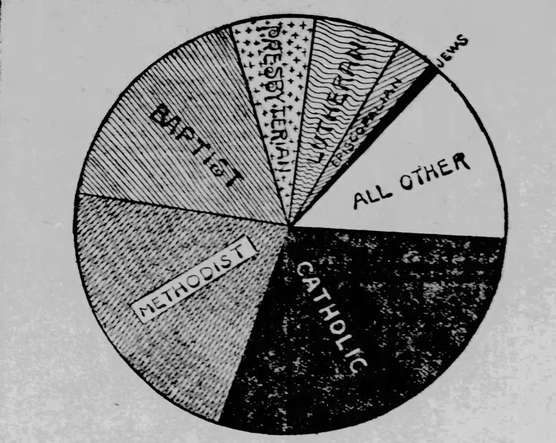
BUFF COCHIN COCK.

England in 1843, and there was a perfect mania over it. It was no uncommon thing to pay $500 for a single bird. Men strove with each other in their efforts to get them. They have at all times been looked upon with favor in the United States.

Light Brahmas.

The origin of the Brahma-Pootra fowl was in China, although at present it resembles but little the first introductions. There are light and dark varieties. The introduction of the Brahma fowl to the United States has an interesting side to it. Mr. Charles Knox, of this city, was standing on one of the wharves in New York city, and saw an entirely new, to this country, variety of fowls on a vessel that had arrived from China. Being a "chicken" fancier, he purchased the birds, which were intended for the pot, as the men on the ship consulted only their stomachs regarding the fowls. From the pen he purchased, the number increased, and since then millions of dollars have been paid for Brahmas and their eggs.

LIGHT BRAHMA COCK.



LEADING RELIGIOUS SECTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The area of the circle represents the church membership of the country; the several sections show the proportional strength of the several denominations.—New York Press.

SENATOR PEFFER OUTDONE.

A Heavily Whiskered Turfman From Arkansas.

Habitues of all Western race tracks from St. Paul to New Orleans are familiar with the "gag" that Captain Rice, the Arkansas horseman, has been ruled off the turf "for pulling his whiskers." Few sportsmen are better known than Capt. R. R. Rice, one of whose most valued possessions is his tremendous crop of whiskers. They reach below his knees, and their extremities not infrequently are seen waving through between his legs when the captain stands facing a smart breeze. Captain Rice, besides his string of race horses, owns an immense cotton plantation near Little Rock, and is one of the most popular men in his vast circle of acquaintances.

RICE AND HIS WHISKERS.

IN FLY TIME.

B-z-z-z-z-zip!
Hist if there ain't a man in bed yet,
And it's nearly 5 o'clock,
Or else I ain't the liveliest fly
In the block.
Oh!
I won't do a thing
To you!
Sleeping, are you?
B-z-z-z-z-z-aizuzgk!
Take that!
Why don't you wake up?
You will turn over,
Will you?
You must try to go to sleep again.
Z-z-z!
That was a corker!
Caught him right in the ear.
Say, you were going to swipe me, eh?
You think you're
Gosh, awful smart, don't you?
You just wait!
I'll sit down on the bed-post for a while
And he'll think I've quit.
And when he's just dozing off,
Mebbe
I won't fool him.
There he goes—
Ha-ha-ha! That's the stuff!
Oh, I'll teach you to use
Cusswords
Before a nice, gentlemanly fly!
Ain't you ashamed?
Mebbe it isn't your time to get up.
You're going to get up just the same
I say!
Say! S-s-sz-z-z-zz!
I'll be durned if he ain't
Going to sleep again!
O-o-h, I just won't
Do—a—thing
This time.
Just wait till I get
My vacuum-producing
Pedal extremities
Against that ugly mug of yours
And clear my voice.
Now then
B-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z
Z-z-z!
Now, will you get up?
Well, I guess yes.
That's better!
Just swearing and mosey
Out of those pajamas.
That's right!
Why didn't you come to it without making a fuss?
I'll be round to-morrow at
Four A. M.
And you want to behave better,
See?
What's that? You'll get fly paper?
Get it!
If you think this fly
Is chump enough to prefer fly paper
To a soft thing like you
You're way off!
I'm on to my job, I am!
Ta—ta!
To-morrow at 4, remember!
B-z-z-z!—Chicago Record.

Why Red Looks Black in the Dark.

Most observing persons have noticed that, as twilight comes on, red objects lose their color sooner than others, finally appearing black while other colors are yet visible. We quote the following explanation of this fact from a review in the Lancet of Capt. Abney's lecture on "Color Vision," just published in England: "When the luminosity is gradually reduced, the various colors in great measure disappear, a person with normal vision passing through a stage of red-blindness as the intensity is diminished before he arrives at absolutely monochromatic vision, which Capt. Abney points out that the curious color of a moonlight landscape is entirely accounted for by this fact. White light becomes greenish-blue as it diminishes in intensity, and the reds and yellows being reduced or absent, are not reflected by surrounding objects. Hence moonlight is cold, while sunlight is warm, owing to their presence. The loss of colors in flowers at night draws on may be easily followed. Thus orange-colored flowers may be plainly distinguished, while a scarlet geranium appears black, green grass will be gray when the color of yellow flowers may yet be just visible.—Literary Digest.

It Makes Such a Difference.

A Linn Grove girl found a package of love letters that had been written to her mother by her father before they were married, says the Sioux Rapids Republican. The daughter saw that she could have a little sport and read them to her mother, substituting her own name for that of her mother and a fine young man for that of her father. The mother jumped up and down in her chair, shifted her feet, seemed terribly disgusted, and forbade her daughter having anything to do with a young man who would write such sickening and nonsensical stuff to a girl. When the young lady handed the letter to her mother to read the house became so still that one could hear the grass growing in the back yard.

Theory and Practice.

He—My views of bringing up a family are——

She—Never mind your views. I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal.—Halifax Herald.

Why Women Can't Throw Straight.

Women can't throw because of a peculiar formation of the shoulder blade, which prevents the swing necessary to the proper propulsion of a stone or other object.

OUR FARM PRODUCTS.

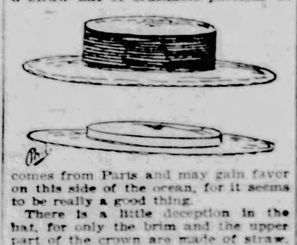
Missouri has 851,078 cows.
Missouri has 846,401 farm horses.
Kansas has 114,069 acres in flax.
Missouri raises 25,632 bushels of beans.
Kansas has 830,205 horses on her farms.
Missouri has 56,421 acres planted in flax.
Missouri produces 9,424,823 pounds of tobacco.
The flax yields of Illinois comprise 4,672 acres.
Texas has 228,126 farms, with 51,406,927 acres.
Iowa has 201,903 farms with 20,491,541 acres.
The United States had, in 1893, 57,409,583 swine.
We produced in 1893 2,402,912 bushels of cow peas.
Rhode Island at the last census had 34,777 cattle.
We exported in 1894 $1,744,000 worth of vegetables.
Illinois is first in broom corn, with 15,302,502 pounds.
Texas has the largest unimproved acreage—20,980,772.
Texas has the greatest number of working oxen, 98,284.
Our farmers raised in 1893 3,163,534 bushels of beans.
Our farmers have $10,000,000 worth of Guinea fowls.
The District of Columbia has 382 farms, with 11,745 acres.
The cream of 1893 yielded 1,024,223,468 pounds of butter.
Plantations of pecan trees are reported from five states.
The total number of farms in the United States is 4,564,641.
Our farmers last year exported 744,632,220 pounds of oil cake.
In 1890 Missouri returned one acre of hops, yielding 310 pounds.
This country, in 1890, had 14,969,467 horses and 2,295,582 mules.
Arkansas has 194,760 farms, having an acreage of 14,891,256.
Kansas has 166,617 farms, having an acreage of 30,714,456.
The live stock in Kansas in 1893 was valued at $128,068,305.
The barley fields of Illinois yielded in 1893, 1,137,206 bushels.
Our farmers raised in 1893 450,000,000 pounds of cane sugar.
Over $75,000,000 are invested in this country in ducks and geese.
Tree planting is now encouraged in nearly every Western state.
The value of the vegetable oils exported last year was $6,000,000.
The Texas farms produced in 1893 $111,639,479 worth of product.
Missouri raised 20,112,521 bushels of wheat on 1,846,785 acres of land.
In 1893 the dairy maids manufactured 18,726,618 pounds of cheese.
Missouri raised in the census year 136,999,016 bushels of Indian corn.
It is said that $175,000,000 acres are invested by our farmers in turkeys.
Arizona has the least number of milch cows, possessing only 4,954.
A florist estimates that $500,000,000 a year are realized from flowers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A STRAW CRUSH HAT.

The Unique and Ingenious Invention of a Parisian Manufacturer.

Everybody is familiar with the so-called "opera hat," that of the "plug" style, which suddenly collapses when pressed upon and thus takes its inconvenient height out of the way.

But here is something altogether different, nothing more nor less than a straw hat of crushable pattern. It comes from Paris and may gain favor on this side of the ocean, for it seems to be really a good thing.



There is a little deception in the hat, for only the brim and the upper part of the crown are made of straw. There is a wide band of ribbon, similar to that seen on ordinary hats, but under it there is no straw, only a skillfully inserted spiral spring, which forces up the crown and stretches the band into proper shape.

Pressure upon the spring makes the hat collapse, and crown and brim come into a mutual and convenient flatness. When the pressure is relieved the crown rises into shape again.

DOG BUTCHERS.

A Citizen Deprecates the Present Method of Killing Canines.

"I wish the mayor would give his dog killer a few common sense instructions," said a well known citizen this morning. "It's all right, perhaps, to get rid of a large number of worthless cure which are homeless, but these dog killers almost invariably pass by the useless animals only to knock over dogs that are well bred and valuable. Last year there were a dozen instances and I call to mind now a case where one chump who was sent out to kill dogs shot down a bird dog upon which, trailing the owner had spent $100, and that, too, right before the owner's eyes. He probably followed up this dastardly outrage by killing some one's little house dog, too small to harm a mosquito, but he was sure to overlook a mangy cur the death of which would have been a relief to the owner and an act of kindness to the dog. Then again the men who are expected to do this work as usual is unfit to do so, let alone a thing. They can't hit the broadside of a barn and they blaze away and occasionally manage to maim the poor brute, who crawls out of sight and suffers no one knows how long. Only last summer one of these butchers shot off a dog's tail and one ear and in that maimed condition the animal escaped. It strikes me that the Humane Society could find plenty of work to do about the time that these dog killers start out.

"Another thing I don't understand, and that is this, why the mayor always chooses this particular time of the year for his dog killing. He certainly is too well educated to believe that hot weather has anything to do with making a dog mad, but if he isn't I can give him an authority which he will no doubt admit should be recognized. Spratts, an undoubted authority on the speaking of rabies in dogs, says: 'The opinion held by some that the hot weather generally, and dog days more especially, are remarkable for outbreaks of this disease, is merely a popular and mischievous fallacy, which is contradicted by statistics.'"

Announcing a Baby.

The following quaint advertisement is from a South African paper:

"It was on Thursday, at 3.20 a. m., the fourth of April, 1886, that in the passive retirement of C. M. de Tarnowsky family, at Bonne Terre Poenit, a lovely babe named Eltacin Milton Lebomir has drawn his first breath of life, on this earthly world. All generous, Christian friends, kindly to pray our Heavenly Father to protect this puny, living spring through thus and for eternity!"

BOYS AND GIRLS

who wish to make money when out of school, send me and we will tell you how. No money wanted. B. STAYNER & CO., Providence, R. I.

OLD FAVORITES.

Note to Blade Readers.

Quite a number of persons are writing to complain that their requests for the publication of poems have not been complied with. The reason is, that we can't give the whole paper to them. We have on file over 300 letters, asking for the publication of over 200 different poems. We are printing those most called for first.

We suggest that no more requests be sent in for a time. It will take us over a year to print all that are asked for already.

We cannot reprint war songs. Several years ago we reprinted all the principal war songs of the civil war, and cannot reprint them again and again.

"Old Favorites" Already Published.

Below is given a list of the poems printed under this head since we began. We will not reprint any of them. If you desire to preserve them, cut them out as they appear:

January 17—Ben Bolt; Beautiful Isle of the Sea; My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing.

Jan. 24—Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still; Annie Lisle.

Jan. 31—Leonaine; Fairy Bell; Measuring the Baby.

Feb. 7—There Is No Death.

Feb. 14—Rock Me to Sleep; Zula Zong.

Feb. 21—The Bells of Shandon; Twenty Years Ago.

Feb. 28—The Souls of the Children; Into the Silent Land.

March 7—Rory O'More; Grandmother Gray.

March 14—The Sands of Dee; The Song of Steam.

March 28—Come Home, Father; The Bells.

April 4—Robin Adair; The Land of the Leal.

April 11—The Old Man Dreams.

April 18—The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.

April 25—Blue Juniata; Don't Be Sorrowful, Darling.

May 2—Whistling in Heaven.

May 9—The Old Oaken Bucket; The Gipsy's Warning; Reply to Gipsy's Warning.

May 16—Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

May 23—The Ride of Jennie McNeal.

May 30—Cradle Hymn; Carmen Bellicosum ("The Old Continentals").

June 6—The Lady Elgin; Answer to Rock Me to Sleep; The Dying Californian.

June 13—Over the Hills to the Poorhouse; She Was a Phantom of Delight; correction to "The Dying Californian."

June 20—The Last Hymn.

June 27—Over the Hills From the Poorhouse.

July 4—Hannah Jane.

July 11—Betsy and I are Out.

July 18—Home, Home; Betsy and I Made Up.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
"Twould be an assurance most dear
To know at this moment some loved ones
Were saying: "I wish he were here!"
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam;
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does someone repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chair at the table
That's missed when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awakens
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and wait
A whispered "good night" while they sleep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more?

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. Lofty keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dapple grays to draw it,
None have I;
She's no plunder with her coachman
Than am I;
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby,
Trundling by;
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy, and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace,
Mine, a cot;
Hers comes home beneath the starlight,
Ne'er caresses she;
Mine comes home in the purple twilight,
Kisses me;
And prays that He who turns life's sands
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
She wears hers upon her bosom,
Inside I;
She will leave hers at death's portal,
By and bye;
I shall bear my treasure with me
When I die;
For I have love and she has gold—
She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.

She has those who love her—status
None have I;
But I've one true heart be

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

M. L. D.

We should fill our lives with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day.
We should drink alone of the purest springs,
On our upward way.

We should love with a life-times love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for greater power
To be and to do.

We should lift our wearied and wayward wills
To the clearest light.
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills
If they lay in sight.

We should lay our pride and our discontent,
At the Master's feet,
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.

HOME TALKS.

TACTLESS PEOPLE AND BARGAIN HUNTING.

The Nineteenth Century Way of Advertising—Cultivate Tact, Not Policy.

Of all the kinds of people from whom one would pray to be delivered, there are none who do more mischief without meaning it than the tactless ones, those who never seem able to know when silence is golden, or when, on the other hand, it may be a sin. As a general thing, however, they are not guilty in the way of omission, but speech is always ready to spring to their lips upon all occasions; and speech that has not been considered in any way. I have seen a party thrown into confusion by an untoward remark of one of the number, which brought forcibly to everybody's mind some unfortunate condition of affairs in the life of a person present, and there was no beautiful Miss Van Auken to quickly turn the tide of talk and thought into less dangerous channels, as is the case in those charming silhouettes of social life drawn by Lillie Hamilton French in Harper's Bazar.

Of course it does not seem possible to be always on guard, lest you turn the key and swing open the door for somebody's skeleton to step forth, but it is easy to hold fast to generalities in conversation in a mixed company. And the individual who is thinking more of giving pleasure than of receiving it is usually the one who has the tact to turn the tide when it is trenching upon dangerous ground, and who is never guilty herself of saying the thing which will be sure to sorely wound some one who is so unfortunate as to be in a position to be wounded.

Tact is a possession more efficient in opening the doors of good will to its possessor than any other one thing, and it is something that money or position cannot buy or monopolize. It denotes a finer fibre in the character, a deeper insight into the currents that move life, a rarer appreciation of the need of harmony in all that concerns human intercourse, and a quicker perception of how it may be promoted. And this tact is quite as likely to be found among those who are neither rich nor learned as among the much talked of Four Hundred. It does not lie in fulsome compliment, nor in an over-cordiality, nor in flattering untruth, but in that ever ready vision that perceives the near approach of what may be a source of pain or mortification to others, and the quick thought that seizes the opportunity to turn it away.

It may be cultivated—there is no doubt of it—and it is one of the most potent factors of success in the world. Do not confuse it with policy. The one is genuine; the other pinchbeck imitation. When you hear people habitually talk about being "politic," then beware; take care, for they are not trustworthy. Tact is one thing; policy wholly another. The one comes from unselfishness; the other is entirely of self and for self.

Aside from the advantage which the tactful person possesses in a present material way, the possession of this quality shows a spiritual growth that promises well for character advancement on all lines. Show me the man or the woman who has genuine tact, and I will have no question, whatever the outward appearance may be, that a trust will be betrayed.

Two things have become the marks of an American summer. The one is the almost universal excursion fever; the starting away from home to spend a time, either long or short as the case may be, in places and among scenes other than the familiar ones of everyday life. We are told that there are no people in the world so addicted to wandering as are our own; none so constantly on the look out for something new to make life endurable. This is true in a large degree of all seasons of the year, but it is in the summer time when this unrest has its greatest outward expression; when they begin marching in armies here, there and everywhere; when cars and boats are crowded with travelers going in all directions.

The motives which take people away from their homes during the hot months are various, but generally speaking, they go for rest, amusement, or because the crowd is going. The last motive has far more force than at first thought seems possible, but it is true that people are much like sheep in their following of leaders. Aside from that, however, there are many to whom the excursion custom is a God-send. Life in all ways has become so complicated, so wearying and so wearing that, were it not for those opportunities for change, its average would be considerably shortened. It is an absolute necessity to throw off for a season the strain under which most people labor. If it could not be done we should become a race of intellectual weaklings. As it is, excursions are the order of the day during the summer months, and the crowd is always moving somewhere. It is a good thing, a saving thing, and the persons who are wise will not resist the tide, but float with it, if only for an occasional day. Give work and care the go-by for a season, even if it be a brief one.

The other mark of the nation's summer is the ever-recurring bargain offering and bargain-hunting. The bargain spirit is everywhere. Our newspapers are daily curiosities in their advertising departments or would be if habit had not blinded us to the curious side of it all. They are really gigantic appeals to our selfishness; making tempting offers to our cupidity. It is one of the outcomes of the nineteenth century love of acquisition.

Do not understand me as inveighing against the offering of goods cheap or the buying of them when so offered, but only in opposition to what I name the bargain spirit, and its arousing by a certain kind of extravagance in statement. The thrifty individual will buy her supplies when she can purchase them to the best advantage, and that is at the time the seller wishes to turn his stock into cash rather than to carry it over to another season. If she is wise, however, she will not be won by any story of the giving away of what is really of value. What are called bargains often prove the most expensive of purchases, and here is where the American housewife needs to be wise in her day and generation.

I say housewife, though the bargain spirit is as rife among men as among women, only it is shown in a different way. The wrong in it lies in its excitation of selfishness, for it means an advantage gained for self without regard for another's good. Economical buying is one thing; persistent bargain-hunting is another.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT

Gives Some Good Thoughts for Our Comfort and Help.

"It is not what we have, but what we are, that we are giving. Our giving unconsciously, simply what we are, is using the most potent influence we possess."

"The selfish life is a narrow, contracted life. The unselfish life, the life that calls nothing that it has its own, enters into the possession of all God owns, and He owns all."

"All fear genders discouragement, and that is always weakness. We need fearlessness to be strong. There is nothing to fear. You say you fear death? All the death you need fear is separation from God. That is death, and you know you can be saved from that. You tell your children not to be afraid of a shadow, and death is only that."

"There are trials that come in life; that come to human hearts; that seem to eat up every green thing. But wait! Life is not through yet. There are years of plenty as well as years of famine. Let us look for the former and the latter rain that shall make all fruitful where all has been barren."
—Margaret Bottome.

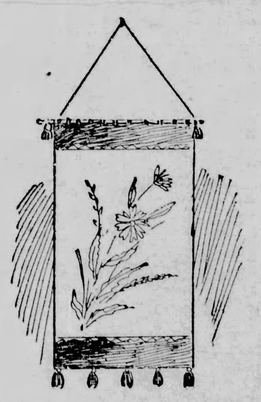
TRILBY ISN'T IN IT.

But You Will Find Samples of Almost Everything Else.

For Convenience.

Where one has their sole abiding place in one room, a screen of this sort will be found very convenient to conceal a hanging towel rack or some other useful but not altogether ornamental part of the furnishing.

The panel may be made of felt, velvet, plush, or satin, of any desired color, and of a size to cover the rack.



A piece of bolting cloth embroidered or painted in a pretty design covers the center of it, leaving a two-inch border at each end, where it is fastened to the plush with fancy stitches, made with gold thread. The bottom is finished with silk tassels, and the upper edge is provided with brass rings through which a rod is put, the whole being suspended by a silk cord and tassels.—Auntie.

Duster Bag.

This is made of coarse scrim and worked on one side with an all-over design in scarlet single zephyr. The other side is left plain except for a border across the bottom. The bag should be about 3-8 of a yard wide and a little over 3-4 of a yard long. It is lined with red silesia and decorated at both ends with balls of the zephyr, while the edge is finished with a crocheted scallop of the same.

In making it up, a crosswise opening is cut in one side of the bag, two-thirds its length from one end, and the edge carefully bound or faced. The bag is then drawn through a large curtain ring and fastened just above this opening, which the overhanging third of the bag conceals. The ribbon decoration completes the work.

Openwork Stocking.

Materials, either cotton or thread; four steel needles.

Cast on the needles as many stitches as would be required for an ordinary stocking for a child of ten or twelve years. Knit once around plain; then rib, two and two, for an inch or two, bind off loosely.

Take up all the stitches, equally dividing them on the three needles, and knit around plain stocking stitch until you have a finger and a half in length, then knit around once, dropping every other stitch off the needles; then stretch out the stocking, and the dropped stitches will run down until they reach the ribbed piece, and no further, forming a pretty, open-worked stocking. Having kept the remaining stitches on the needles, finish off the toe by knitting straight around, narrowing every time on each needle. The stocking will shape itself on the leg, and will be sufficiently long.

I have knitted these of quite coarse darning cotton, such as comes in large, round balls, with bone needles about the size of the common slate pencil. They are very soft and elastic, and are most comfortable to draw over bandages or poultices to keep them in place. I have knitted them for a hospital where they are valued highly for this purpose; the coarse darning cotton is best for these.—Mrs. C. E. L.

Knitting Needle Case.

Take three pieces of thin pasteboard, each one and one-half inches wide, and eight inches long, and the same of card-board; now cut each end

pointed, slanting with a row of holes in the card-board, cover each piece of pasteboard neatly with scarlet or garnet velvet or cashmere, work some pretty stitches in green zephyr along the middle of two pieces of the card-board, and "needles" on the third, baste each of these to a corresponding one of the pasteboard, button-hole neatly around the point on one end of each, taking two rows of holes, putting the needle squarely through both pieces, and drawing each stitch straight and true. Now with thread overcast lightly together the edges of the three pieces to form a case, bringing the points together at the bottom, then button-hole these seams together to match the top, finish with cord and tassels of the green.

Fancy Work-Bag.

For this you will need four strips of ribbon, each one-quarter of a yard long, two of them pale-blue and two of them yellow, and two strips of chamois five inches deep, and each as long as the width of two of the ribbon strips. Cut a two-inch fringe in the lower edge of the chamois and paint a sprig of forget-me-nots on each piece, bordering them with a painted band, and sew them together at the ends and bottom. Sew the ribbons together for the bag top, hemming the edge down for double shirr-strings of narrow ribbon of the same colors. Join the two parts of the bag, and there you have it.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAY.

Some Help for Frances Howard and Another Chapter of Opinions.

Good Books the Best Company.

Frances Howard, if as you say you read all of the "Home Talks" until you know them by heart, you certainly have pleasant and instructive subjects for thought. If deprived of plenty of good reading you have my sincere sympathy. Books, magazines and papers are real friends to me, when illness in my home keeps me a "shut in" there.

I have been reading Mary Jane Holmes' "Barrabas." Some, a little pictures are fine. But in retirement much research be reckoned with, thing always detail imagination shows. The torture of the ... and is also many novels dealing ... Life of Christ, the effect ... is to dim the reverence ... of the reader. "God and man"—what human hand can paint Him aright?

Emerson's essays are my standby. I keep a volume handy, and when I am in the mood give him a few moments. I never try Emerson when I am tired, and want to pass away time. I'd as soon think of trying house cleaning for the same purpose. If you want something to make you think, and think to a purpose, try the "Sage of Concord." Edna Lyall's "A Hardy Norseman" is a sweet, pure story. Just the book for the vacation day.

Tennyson's "Holy Grail" is one of the poems I never tire of reading. Alas! how many of us are turning away our faces and saying, "This quest is not for me."

Can we not have a word from our Household sisters, regarding women's clubs and reading circles? I am a member of a literary club, composed entirely of busy women. We meet fortnightly at each other's homes. The most of us have only the most common of common school educations; yet we find hope and pleasure in our informal gatherings. For the next year commencing September 1st, our chief work will be the study of the history of France.—Hope Daring.

A helpful letter, for which the editor thanks "Hope Daring," and asks that her suggestions regarding reading circles, etc., be commented, and also acted upon by the Household.—Ed.

Thinks It Inexcusable.

My opinion of the killing of inoffensive birds for personal adornment is that it is very wicked indeed. If there is no law of right by which such killing can be prevented, there should be; it could be made just as easy to fine one for killing, selling or wearing the birds as it is to make any other law.

I think we have a duty in the matter, and it is to refuse to buy or wear such articles, and to persuade our friends and neighbors to do likewise. I think, too, that we, as children of God, should regard all living things as God's creatures, which he has placed here for our benefit, and I believe men are held responsible for the many ways in which they misuse the dumb animals that are often a great deal more intelligent than they are given credit for. A dog will wag his tail to express the thanks he cannot speak.

Here in the lumber woods we see so much cruelty practiced amongst teamsters. I have seen men pile log after log on their sleighs; then hitch their poor, half-fed horses to them, and if they cannot pull the load they are called stubborn, and are whipped and jerked unreasonably. There should be a law against such cruelty. I think it about time for the women to take the ballot box and help make our laws. When Anna Sewell wrote "Black Beauty" she did a wonderful work. There is a world of knowledge in that one small book. I would say to all the Householders and readers of The Blade in general: Be kind to all beasts, treat them as God's property, and in time you will receive your reward.—M. B. C.

Mrs. Rinker's Views.

First question, Is there any law of right by which such killing can be squared? I answer, none whatever. We have no moral right to sacrifice the lives of the little songsters, to gratify our selfish, personal vanity. God, the creator of the birds, as well as of all things else, never designed them for any such purpose. God's love for us prompted Him to place before us these little birds of sweet songs and beautiful plumage, as a source of inspiration to the human mind, lifting it heavenward, and filling it with gratitude and love, thus refining and elevating our natures. But is there any inspiration to the mind in the thought that we are carrying around on our heads this beautiful plumage?

Second question, "Have we a duty in the matter, and what is it?".

As we are all creatures of imitation, and as our example throws out a great influential power, it is our duty as rational human beings to make this power harmonize with truth and justice.

Third question, "How should we as individuals regard all living creatures?"

I think as mankind is endowed with a superior order of intelligence, we should treat and regard every living creature, with a human intelligence. But, alas! are we exercising this superior power when we sanction this brutal sacrifice of life, simply to gratify an inordinate desire for personal display? I answer, nay, nay.—Mrs. J. W. Rinker.

Thinks There Are Worse Things.

I know I am on the unpopular side, and that most of the Householders will think I am unfeeling, but I do love to see birds used for trimming, and I do not believe that these ornaments are made from the real bird skins. I think most of them are made on wire and cloth frames of feathers, arranged to look like birds. And when we come to the question of cruelty, etc., I think women are much more cruel to their help, many times, and when they cease to drive a poor sewing woman nearly to death in order that they may have a fine dress for their personal adornment, and men stop killing seals and other animals for their skins, to be used for the "personal adornment" of the women, then it will be time to say more about the birds. I know one wrong does not right another, but it seems as if some people saw no cruelty except in killing birds.—Elizabeth Jane.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Some Have Used a Lead Pencil and Their Mss. Cannot be Accepted.

L. M. R.:—You wrote with a lead pencil, and your paper had been folded so many times that the writing was quite illegible. When one writes for a paper, he should take as much care as possible that his manuscript presents a good appearance, and will not be too much of a strain upon the eyes and patience of the editor. If your thoughts are worth publishing, they are worth the time required to properly present them to the editor. Please remember this when you write again. —Ed.

Carrie S.:—See answer to L. M. R. and send in your inquiries written with ink and one side of the paper.—Ed.

H. G.:—There is no sorrow, no trouble, but can be helped. Time will prove this to you, though it may seem quite impossible to you now. Am sorry there is nothing more that the Household and editor can do for you. —Ed.

Questions.

I would like a reliable recipe for making sticky fly paper.—Addie Munson.

Will some one send to The Blade the poems entitled "Barbara Frietchie" and "Sheridan's Ride?"

Answers.

To bleach a switch use peroxide of hydrogen diluted in ammonia.—S. A. L.

To Can Corn:—When the corn is raw cut it off the ears and pack tightly in self-sealing cans. Then tighten the covers as much as possible, wrap each can in rags separately, put into a boiler of cold water and after the water commences to boil let boil for three hours. Then take cans out of the water, remove rags and set in a cool place for future use. Use no acid. —Virgil Heff.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Housewifely Work for July and August to be Enjoyed Later On.

Now, if ever, jellies and preserves should be made and fruit and vegetables canned as fast as they appear in the market, for it is ... now to wait till ... that our friend can not ... why this would be so, because ... are just silver dollar will buy ... used later they day as a ... of their fresh flavor, and leaves ... not form such firm jelly. If you wait too long you must not be surprised if your "jelly won't jell." The rule for making all kinds of jelly is 1 pound of sugar to each pint of the strained juice. If the sugar is heated and the juice boiled for 5 minutes and skimmed before the sugar is added, it will seldom require more than 10 or 15 minutes' boiling after it is added to bring it to the proper consistency. Fill your jelly glasses nearly full of hot water, and let them stand till you are ready to use them, then pour out the water, wipe the glasses with a hot, dry towel and pour a little jelly into each one, and by the time you have done this with half a dozen, you can return to the first one and fill them all very rapidly with no fear of breaking them. Lay a paper near the top of the glasses to keep flies or insects away, and let it stand over night before putting on the covers. Some good housekeepers insist upon putting rounds of white or brown paper wet with brandy over the jelly before the tops are put on, and others, Mrs. Rorer, for instance, does not recommend the use of brandied papers, or any other covering except the top of the tumbler.

For crab-apple jelly add 1 pt. of water to every 5 lbs. of fruit cut in small pieces, and for cranberries, 1 pt. to 1 qt. of fruit, when heating it to extract the juice. Blackberries, raspberries, etc., should be placed in an earthen jar, this placed in a kettle of cold water and boiled slowly until the berries are quite soft. Recipes for canning will be given later. Canning vegetables is much more difficult than fruit. Large, fresh vegetables should be used. An experienced cook gives in the "Answers" of this week a recipe for canning corn that has been requested by several persons. If corn and tomatoes are canned together, there is very seldom any difficulty in keeping them. We give a recipe.

Corn and Tomatoes.

Stew the tomatoes until quite thick, then add 1-2 or 2-3 the amount of corn cut from the cob, and boil slowly 1-2 hr. Fill the cans to overflowing and tighten the covers as much as possible. In the morning tighten them again as may be necessary, and keep in a cool, dark place till wanted.—Grace L.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Have a Gay Good Time and Say Their Say On Subjects in General.

Chaperone's Confidential.

Mabel Claire:—Certainly you may join us, and bring all your friends with you if you like.

Prairie Queen:—The poetry was very good, but the subject is just a little bit "threadbare." Choose something newer, and try again.

Logus:—Your willingness to be forgiven does you great credit. Your state president is Mr. W. C. Millikan, of Independence, and the subject "Physical Features of Kansas."

Letters have been filed for future use from Spider, Coralyn, Logus, Prairie Queen, Margaret, Susy, Carr, Colorado Ranchman, A. M. T., Lorraine and ex-School-teacher.

Madge Wylde, O.: "I am so glad that the name of this circle has not been changed, for I do not think a better or more attractive one could be found. Sam Igotus excuse me for staring at you; I want to see how the young gentleman of whom I have heard so much appears. I read the Ohio symposium with interest, and agree with Willa that women can do more good by continuing to be the 'heart of the home' than by voting at the polls. If there are any reasons (misspelled words, etc.) why this letter cannot be published I hope Miss Prudence will let me know, for I intend to come again and wish to improve."

Peach-blossom, Penn.:—"I am a temperance girl and think when women are allowed to vote the saloons will soon be banished from the land. This is my only reason for desiring equal suffrage; I do not think the polls are exactly the place for women, but if we can accomplish any good by going there we should be willing to do so."

Raven of Wood's Edge, Ind.:—"Was it not God's design that we should admire beauty, that through it expressed by flower and constellation and landscape the poorest straggler could see heaven? But, alas! humanity discarding the laws of God and nature has clasped hands with the goddess Fashion, and has bred a generation in part devoid of that charm so lavishly bestowed on the ancients.

We speak of the beauty of the Greeks and Romans, because in that age woman did not encase her beautiful form within fashion's prison or exhibit the frailty of art upon her cheeks; nor did man degrade his soul's house with tobacco and unwholesome drinks so much as now. The past is irretrievable, but let those who possess only a small measure of beauty cultivate their souls until they shine above the ruggedness of their features like the sun overcoming a cloudy morning."

Lapsus Calami, Mont:—"I live alone upon my claim in a little chalet a short distance from a gurgling mountain stream, whose banks are lined with spruce, pine and fir, and in whose clear waters multitudes of brook and mountain trout dart hither and thither. My companions, when I am not reading or writing, are pine squirrels, chipmunks and picket pins."

Miss Prudence would very much like to know what picket pins are, Lapsus.

Canon, Neb.:—"Did any of you ever see a sod-house? I live in one, perched up on a hill and surrounded by great canons. I would tell you more about my home but for fear of that horrid waste-basket."

Good descriptions never fall into the waste-basket, Canon.

Mab, Ind.:—"I live on a farm in the eastern part of this state in a large oil and gas field. The gas lights all around us form a pretty sight, but the 'barkers' on some of the drilling and pumping wells do not make very pleasant sounds. I think no one could read E. P. Roe's Youth of the Eighteenth Century without having better thoughts, and if dancing is not carried to excess I see no harm in that."

Another thing Miss Prudence "wants to know;" what is a "barker" my dear?

Morning Star, Minn.:—"I would marry a man I loved whether he were rich or poor if he were in every way respectable, and I do not think the use of powder improves a woman's looks one particle; it merely shows that they are not possessed of much brain-power. I agree perfectly with Hoosier School-girl in regard to dancing and card-playing."

Lois, Ill.:—"I agree with Forest Maiden in regard to novels, and think there is much harm in reading them as they seldom fill the mind with anything that is of benefit to us. Iris, botany is my favorite study, and I have a number of beautiful specimens. Raven, I too love nature, and think the little birds are a genuine blessing since they are continually preaching to us a little sermon, emphasizing it by the practical example of their own happy, jubilant lives.

Chinook Wind, Wash.:—"A gentle wind is wafted from off the broad Pacific across the mountain heights to where I sit. Nature is decked in her brightest green, and the air is filled with song by birds of many kinds, as we are directly in the line of passage taken by thousands of migratory birds that yearly pass from the tropical heat of Lower California, Mexico and Central America ... to the cooler atmosphere ... to I. We ... British ... him asking ... a."

... on the subject ... some one spoke of ... blossoms being in bloom, and it ... made me long for a bunch of the little beauties which I have not seen since we came west. I expect Sam Igotus is still laughing."

Mischief-maker, Kan.:—"If Raven will read his history he will learn about Jean D'Arc and Catherine the Great. As the American Indian is not a high type of civilization I think it is hardly fair to bring him in as an example. Man has the stronger arm, and the larger brain, if you will have it so, yet it only took one woman to eternally ruin him."

"Think of the army nurses who were on the battlefield and in the hospitals attending to the wants of the wounded and dying! Raven, you would disfranchise all the cripples and old veterans in the state, not one in five hundred of whom could bear a musket in a second war. Come ye farmers and tillers of the soil; come Raven and look closer at the great book called Equal Rights."

Hoosier School-girl:—"Raven's opinion on the woman's suffrage question is perfectly awful! Really now sir, don't you think a woman's brain is as large as a man's? She has always been able to use it to better advantage at any rate."

If the School-girl will condense her remarks on the question of suffrage for the illiterate, Miss Prudence will gladly give it space.

Evelyn, O.:—"Raven, in saying that we have not courage to face the foe, you do an injustice not only to the 'sweet sixteens,' but to the noble women of the revolution, who, though not permitted to appear in battle, proved their bravery by their deeds at home. The girl of to day, who bravely faces the battle of life when forced to earn a livelihood, cannot be called a coward. It seems to me that Forsaken is somewhat afraid of his orthography; at any rate he does not like to be corrected on that score."

Lorraine, Ill.:—"I live on a farm, and mamma and I get very lonesome staying at home alone. I spent Decoration Day at Mt. Vernon. I agree with Forsaken in thinking that all correspondents should do their best to spell correctly, but that it is wrong to bar any one from the circle who will even try."

Clinging Ivy, Ark.:—"Papa has been a subscriber to The Blade for a great many years, and mamma remembers reading it when it was only one-half its present size, and Estelle Gilroy or Life's Possibilities was the serial story.

"Having is a great industry here in the grand prairie country of Arkansas, and the hay makers have begun work in full force (June 11). There is to be a college opened here in September. I am learning taxidermy and like it very much, though history is my favorite study."

Capt. Nemo, Mo.:—"A constant exercising of the reflective power is necessary to a well-developed mind. The ordinary novel, and many of the better ones, call for little exercises of this power in the way they are read by the average reader. The reading of novels itself creates a desire for more such reading and lulls to sleep the desire for more solid literature. Dancing itself is doubtless not harmful, but the society found at public dances is not usually of the highest order."

Hazel, Kan.:—"I think all of the presidents whose pictures have appeared are nice looking, especially the one from Indiana. Hoosier Girl expressed my ideas exactly in regard to card-playing. Yes, indeed, Our Bessie, you will find something in the Bible about dancing. Read it carefully and see if those who danced were not praising God. Now let me ask, do you or any one else ever think of praising God when you are dancing? As a rule do dancers take an active part in church work; do they have good S. S. and C. E. lessons? I don't believe any true lady would care to attend a public dance if she would study the matter carefully."

Country Cousin, O.:—"Raven, you are behind the times! Do tell us how old you are! Don't you know that the woman who screams at the sight of a mouse is a thing of the past? 'Giving man the larger brain' are you quite sure you did not mean the larger head? Tell me, Raven, which is the easier; to bare your breast to the storm of battle, or to stay at home patiently awaiting tidings of your loved ones? If you ever felt the agony of such waiting for one hour I am sure you would gladly shoulder your musket.

I do not say that a woman could or should do that, but I do say that her lot in time of battle is just as hard as that of the soldier. It is too bad that some women have found it their duty to enter the political battlefield, but if men will make bad laws and refuse to repeal them then each woman should fight to the extent of her ability at home or at the polls until those laws are set aside."

Emmett, O. T.:—"The Blade has come to our family nearly 35 years, but I think it was greatly improved when the M. G. R. column was presented, and I do not think we shall see any decline in membership because of the cast-iron rule. I say, make the Western trip by all means and do not miss Oklahoma. Do the M. G. R.'s think there is any harm in playing croquet on Sunday?"

Mountain Boy, W. Va.:—"Our circle is indeed very instructive, and some of its members are developing a literary talent which will in time cause them to be regarded as bright stars in the world of letters. The circle is steadily growing too, and no doubt will, in time, become something wonderful, and yet how insignificant was its beginning: 'Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.'"

TO THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

In answer to many inquiries about the badges, the publishers are glad to say that enough have been received to send them to all who enclose 50 cents to The Blade, Toledo, O.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

The editor of the Household is glad to be able to announce that the badges have been hurried up, and there is now a sufficient supply to send one to each of the lucky members who win it as a prize in response to the following offer:

To each and all who will get for The Blade a club of 35 new subscribers for three months at ten cents each, the badge will be sent free. The names may be forwarded not less than 10 at a time, the coupon given below being enclosed with the name of the sender each time, until the number, 35, has been reached. The pin will then be mailed to the fortunate Merry-Go-Rounder.

The offer was to hold good for three months and several weeks have already passed away. A little work will win this beautiful badge, enlarge the

Toledo Weekly Blade

To be sent with each club of ten subscribers raised by a member of the M. G. R.

number of The Merry-Go-Rounds, and give friendly help to The Blade in enlarging its circulation. Try it, and if success is yours, you will not be sorry.

The pin is of solid silver, with a sword holding in place three leaflets upon which are M. G. R. in raised letters. In smaller characters below are the words Toledo Blade. The shape and about the size are shown in the coupon. It is a beautiful ornament and cannot fail to please. Later on, when received in sufficient numbers it will be sold at a price sufficient only to cover cost of manufacture and mailing.

A BOOK OF THE SEASON.

The Story of Christine Rochefort Told by Helen Choate Prince.

The Story of Christine Rochefort, which is the book offered as a prize in the Household, is an excellent story which cannot fail to win favor. It gives most exquisite pictures of French provincial life, and a most vivid representation of a strike with its concomitants. Christine is a beautiful young woman who marries Gaston Rochefort, a manly fellow deeply in love with her, but whose love is met by Christine with a grateful affection and deep respect which is yet not love. Then comes De Martel whom she idealizes, at first unconsciously to herself, and finally to her dismay this idealization grew into what seemed to her a love for a man not her husband. Then come her struggles which are painted with such a delicate touch that never for a moment do we lose sight of the absolute purity of the woman who is thus agonizing, but we follow her with intense desire that the web of her life shall not have its golden threads tarnished. And they are not, for out of the sorrow and the suffering comes happiness.

The story also touches upon the social problems of the day, and in Gaston Rochefort's efforts for the good of his people and in their misunderstanding of him lies a lesson for employers and employed.

The style of the book is strong; the incidents are cut out clearly, and their connection traced in a way that cannot be misunderstood. There are many beautiful truths uttered as for instance the following:

"Each one of us stands alone as far as our inward life goes. How surprised we should be to hear ourselves described by those who love us best, and to whom we are the nearest! The silent drama played by all of us is never so much as guessed by those whose daily life we share. Living needs infinite patience."

A very beautiful truth set in most vivid language!

The author of Christine Rochefort is Helen Choate Prince, and she has done an excellent piece of work in its production. It is published in Boston by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Readers of The Blade are invited to ask questions regarding literary matters and they will be answered to the best of the editor's ability.

WORD TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

Every week come requests for the publication of old poems, and these requests so far as possible have been complied with. Upon the fifth page of this issue will be found a list of those which have already appeared. Look this over before writing and see if the one you desire has already been published. If so it is useless to ask for it, as it cannot be repeated. A little care of this kind will save yourselves and The Blade considerable trouble.

MAKE-OVER CORNER.

In order to help Household members who are puzzled to know how to make the most of half-worn dresses, etc., a little corner will be given to questions and answers about these things. If the editor can help any one to make a little go a good ways she will be glad to do so, and then you can help each other. The whole end and aim of this page is to assist in making the wheels of life run smoothly, so do not be afraid to ask questions and to send information.

Speaking of helping others, the editor would suggest that those who are privileged to travel this summer, or to attend exhibitions of art, or music, describe some of these pleasures for the benefit of those who, like "Frances Howard" in this week's correspondence are hungering for these things, not only for the pleasure, but for the help it will give them to hear of something beyond and above their daily lives. It would be doing a great kindness at a very little cost to those who would take up this branch of home missionary work. We do not always need to go to the slums of the cities to find such work; there are those who need help besides they who want for food and other physical assistance. The columns of the Household will always be open for such letters, during the summer. Who will remember those who cannot have the rest and change that add so much to every life, and do what they can to help them in this way?

THE DEAD DOLL.

You need not be trying to comfort me, I
tell you my dolly is dead;
There's no use saying she isn't, with a
crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt
much to have my tooth out that
day,
And then when the man 'most pulled my
head off you hadn't a word to say!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—
I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me most expressly, "Here's a
ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and
Hildegarde saw me do it,
And I said to myself, "Oh, never mind,
I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and
I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken,
and so her head broke, too.
Oh, my dolly! my little baby! I wish my
head had been hit,
For I've bit it over and over, and it
hasn't cracked a bit!

But since the darling is dead, she'll
want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, nurse,
and you shall be the horse,
And I'll walk behind and cry, and we'll
put her in this, you see,
This dear little box, and we'll bury her
then under the maple tree.

And papa will make her a tombstone,
like the one he made for my bird,
And he'll put what I tell him on it—
yes, every single word,
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a
beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart and a dread-
ful crack in her head."

—Home Queen.

For the Young Folks.

WHAT KAREN FOUND.

By Hope Daring.

"Yes, I am lost, and I might as well own it."

The speaker, Karen Rasmusen, a Norwegian girl of 14, once more scanned the horizon for some familiar object.

Around her was the wildness of a mountain side; below her, sheltered by great crags, she caught a glimpse of a lonely little lake. But in which direction Kalvedalen, the pretty suburb of Bergen, in which her aunt lived, lay, she was utterly unable to tell.

She looked anxiously up at the sky. Angry looking clouds were gathering and a purple gloom seemed settling over the mountain.

"How silly of me!" she exclaimed petulantly. "I never dreamed there was danger of my losing my way during a morning's botanizing. And Aunt Olga will be worried. Well, I must make the best of it."

Just then she heard a dog bark, and a shrill voice called, "Lilla! Hie, Lilla!"

The next moment a shaggy dog came bounding toward her over the rocks, barking vehemently.

Karen was a sensible girl and not in the least afraid of dogs. So she stopped to pat Lilla's head, saying, "I wish you could lead me to your home, doggie."

A step sounded near her. It was a boy a couple of years her junior, who said: "Come here, Lilla. I hope he did not frighten you."

"Oh, no," she answered gayly, her spirits rising at the sight of a face. "I have lost my way, and, you see, a storm is rising. Can you show me to a place of shelter?"

"Our house is near," the boy answered in a troubled tone. "It is but a poor place, though."

Karen laughed. "As if I should care. Let us start at once."

The boy hesitated, but they were suddenly joined by a grave-faced man.

"Father," the lad said, slowly, "the

young lady has lost her way and wishes shelter from the storm. Shall I guide her to our home?"

"Certainly, Torvald," said the man, politely adding, "Allow my son to take your specimen case and I will help you over the crags. We must hasten."

Karen, wondering a little, obeyed. She told her name and her uncle's, mentioning Christiana as her home. She was surprised at the effect this information had upon her companions. The man's face grew white, and Torvald cried out:

"It shall not be, my father. She shall not go."

"Hush, my son!" The voice was unsteady. "You will frighten the young lady. Here we are at the cottage."

They were just in time, for as they entered the door the storm descended.

Karen was so out of breath that for a moment she could see nothing. The strange behavior of the man and boy, the isolation of the little house hidden among the rocks, the evident unwillingness with which she was received, what did it all mean?

A glance around the cosy kitchen partially reassured her. The floor was strewn with juniper branches, the windows curtained with white muslin, and the walls, which were painted blue, were hung with bright copper and tin cooking dishes. There was a shelf of books and a curious old cabinet made of some dark, Eastern wood and carved in strange designs.

An old woman, clad in the dark blue serge and high white cap of the Norwegian women, rose from the long wooden settle that occupied the corner of the fireplace.

"A traveler who has lost her way," the man explained briefly. "Make her comfortable, mother, and he passed through a door into an adjoining room.

Torvald and his grandmother exchanged quick glances, but the old lady welcomed the stranger kindly.

"You shiver, you are cold," she exclaimed when Karen had lain aside her hat and seated herself in the big arm chair. "We will have a fire, Torvald."

Soon a bright fire was glowing on the capacious hearth. The rain and a rising wind made the heat very pleasing. Karen drew her chair near the fire and forgot her uneasiness.

"It must be lonely here," she said, glancing at Torvald, who stood at the window staring moodily out.

"Sometimes we find it so," the old lady replied, taking up her knitting. "You live at Bergen?"

"No, at Christiana. My name is Karen Rasmusen and I——"

She did not finish. Over the face of her listener came the same look of horror Karen had noticed on the countenance of the son.

"Go," she cried, pointing to the door. "How dare you come here? Go, I say."

Before the frightened girl could reply the door opened.

"Mother come here," and after a moment's hesitation she advanced into the inner room.

Karen rose. "I will go," she said to Torvald. "Will you please get me my hat?"

He looked at her sadly. "You cannot go in the rain." Then seeing her distress, he said, slowly, "You need not be afraid. We will not hurt you."

Karen saw there were tears in his eyes. She went back to her chair, still in utter bewilderment.

After a few moments the boy left the room. Karen took a book from the shelf and tried to read, but she was too excited. As she was about to replace the book she caught sight of a name within on the fly leaf.

"Rolf Mongefor," she read. "Ah, I know now," but her hostess re-entering the room just then, Karen quietly replaced the book.

"The storm is nearly over," said the woman. "Then Torvald shall guide you on your way."

Going to a cupboard she brought a plate of romekolle to her guest. Romekolle is sour cream with bread crumbs grated over it, and is a favorite dish with the Norwegian peasants.

Karen accepted in silence. After eating and giving tak for maden (thanks for the meal) she rose.

As she took her hat from the old woman she looked earnestly into the wrinkled face and said, "You have been very kind. Some day you will know how grateful I am," and with a pretty little courtesy left the room.

Torvald was waiting for her outside. The rain had ceased and already the sun was peering out from behind the clouds. In utter silence they walked for a mile when ascending a steep slope, Bergen lay before them.

Karen looked joyfully at the quaint old town with its picturesque houses, roofed with red tiles, and afar over the clear waters of the fjord. Then her gaze came back to Torvald.

"Torvald Mongefor," she said, "sit down. I have something to say to you."

The boy threw up his hands. "You know then?"

"Yes, but do not be afraid," the voice was so kind Torvald felt reassured. "I know that your father Rolf Mongefor is hiding here because of the trouble that befell him four years ago. He was my father's confidential clerk and father refused to prosecute him."

"He is innocent," Torvald exclaimed proudly. "And he has vowed never to go back into the world until his innocence is proven. We will always stay with him, the grandmother and I."

Karen shrugged her shoulders. "You don't know all. I tell you Torvald, had your father been braver you might all have been saved much suffering. For the real culprit confessed two years ago. My father has advertised and did——"

"Is it true, really true?" demanded the boy.

"Of course it is. Go home and tell your

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

HORR-HARVEY.

THE GREAT SILVER DEBATE BETWEEN THE CHAMPIONS.

The Daily Debates Are Here Given in Outline.

Chicago, July 17.—The debate proper began by Mr. Horr asking his opponent to tell plainly if there was ever any such school held as that described in the book "Coin's Financial School."

Mr. Horr said:

I find all through the book a large number of statements attributed to a very considerable number of the business men of Chicago, and I am informed that those men never made the statements attributed to them. If the book is written as an allegory, I would like my friend to state why he did not use, as all literary men have always done, the names of fictitious individuals, unless he intended to convey the impression that these men were present and received the castigation, which he says he administered to them on the spot. (Laughter.) The book even goes further it describes the crestfallen manner in which some of these gentlemen left the room after being worsted in this fearful manner. (Laughter.) I feel now that what we want to get at is the fact about the book, so we will know where we are proceeding.

Mr. Harvey—The school is allegorical; it mashalls the opinions of the two sides of this controversy, so that one in imagination can see the conflict of opinions and the contest as it proceeds. It puts in the mouths of the gold standard advocates their well known views, fairly stated.

At this point the contestants discussed at some length the definition of money. Coming to the money system of the United States, Mr. Horr said:

The first law that was ever passed in this United States upon the subject of money was on the 6th day of July, 1785; that was two years after the subject had been discussed in every shape and form by the people and press of the United States. Congress then said—I will quote the exact words the question—"that the money unit of the United States of America be one dollar." The yeas and nays being required by Mr. Howell, and every member answering aye, it was resolved that the money unit of the United States of America be one dollar.

"Resolved, That the smallest coin be of copper, of which 200 shall pass for one dollar.

"Resolved, That the several pieces shall increase in a decimal ratio."

That was the first action taken by the American Congress. They first fixed the unit that is the name of the thing that should be the measure of value, deciding that it should be called one dollar; that the smallest division of that should be a half-cent piece, that it should be copper, and that it should take 200 of them to make the unit. That was the first effort of the new government to establish a monetary system. However, every one will say that they had not yet got quite at all what the dollar should consist of, except that 200 copper half-cents should be one of them, and that was the first unit of measure that Congress established. It is all the law there has ever been on the subject, and all that has ever been said about it anywhere. (Applause.) So we had first the money of the daddies of copper; no doubt about it. Now comes the next important legislation upon this subject:

"Resolved, That standards of the United States of America for gold and silver shall be eleven parts fine and one part alloy."

Originally that was the weight of alloy in all the coins of the United states. Afterwards we reduced the alloy so that it was one part in ten.

Mr. Harvey—What Mr. Horr says about copper used as money during the Continental day preceding the adoption of the constitution is trivial to be used in this argument. At the time our constitution was framed, the details governing the concurrent circulation of the two metals in our financial system was under discussion in committees and between statesmen of that period. A bimetallic system was provided for in the constitution. Article 1, section 8, says: "Congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coins." Section 10 says "No state shall coin money or make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts." It says gold and silver, (applause) not gold or silver. (Applause.) It is the constitution itself. The states surrendered to Congress the right to separately coin money, but expressly retained the right to the use of silver and gold as money, whether as token money, one representing the other, as silver is now coined representing gold, but both as money in their own right. (Applause.) Congress in good faith with the states has no more right to demonetize one of these metals than it has to demonetize both of them, without the consent of the states. (Applause.) The men who framed the constitution then proceeded to give to it the construction it intended. They gave to both metals equal dignity, equal rights, except to make the dollar of silver and it the unit of value, in which the will of society now as then measured, but with concurrent coinage with silver they gave both metals free and unlimited coinage. Both were given full and unlimited use in this particular way of doing it. There was no discrimination made in the use of the two metals except that the unit of value was to reside in the silver dollar, and that gold coins were to be of the value of so many silver dollars. This is the exact language of the statute, of the men who framed the constitution and knew the construction that it was intended that it should have.

Daniel Webster said (see Congressional Globe, appendix, pages 51 to 56, Twenty-fourth Congress, second session, December 21, 1836): Gold and silver is the money of the constitution. (Applause.)

The constitutional standard of value is established and cannot be overturned. To overturn it would shake the whole system. Gold and silver at rates fixed by Congress constitute the legal standard of value in this country, and neither Congress nor any state has authority to establish any other standard or dispose of this.

After some discussion, the coinage law of 1792 was taken up. Mr. Horr said:

Now all this talk of Mr. Harvey is of very little importance, so far as I am concerned. What I say is that when they passed that law they intended to establish bimetallism in the United States. They did fix the silver dollar as a unit of value; there is no doubt about it. And they also fixed of what the gold coins consisted, and there were a number of units, and there they defined the ratio between the two metals; consequently when they fixed the ratio 15 of silver to one of gold there were two standards, a gold standard and a silver standard. We did not use the gold standard at all up to 1834. You can pass a law as to a standard, and the people can adopt it, in spite of all the statutes in the world. The people adopt the currency they wish to use and you cannot legislate them out of the habit, either. They undervalued gold, that dollar was worth more under the first mintage than the silver dollar; consequently we did have,—and he is right about it—the silver standard in this country. That is legally a man could pay any debt by tendering the 10 units of value in the gold coin, but people did not tender it because the silver dollar was the cheaper; they could get for 10 dollars of the labor, less everything, than they could of gold, consequently the gold left the country.

Mr. Harvey: I want now to call attention to the fact that for several years our side has claimed that silver was fixed in 1792 as the unit of value, continuing to 1873. Now, why was silver made the unit of value by that act? This was to be a government of the people with its organic laws, its financial policy and its statute laws intended to promote the welfare of the many, the poorer people. Silver was the money of the plain people.

Mr. Horr: I want to say here the question of the unit I have not disposed of to-day, and am not disposed to do it. And as he has taken so much time, I want to give a word as to why they recoined the gold instead of the silver in 1834. The reason was because the country had been on a silver basis, and they did not intend to disturb the relation of money to the business of the country. Gold had not been used, and they purposed to put the gold dollar at such a rate that would equal the silver dollar, the one we had been using and the one under which contract had been made; and so they resolved to recoin the gold dollar to make it even with the one the people had been using. That is the reason and the only reason.

Here ended the first day's debate.

The Second Day.

Chicago, July 18.—The silver debate yesterday began by Mr. Harr remarking in a pointed manner that Mr. Harvey read an essay here Tuesday upon the condition of the world during the 15th century, especially up to the discovery of America, 1492. He read that statement without its having been called out at all by me, as I had not attacked that part of his book. But he made such an elaborate effort to show the condition of things in the world from 1400 to 1850, that I have taken a little pains to find out if I could whether there is any truth in the representations that he makes, and I find that history leaves him in as bad a condition in this regard as it does in regard to the bulk of the statements in Coin's Financial School.

Continuing, Mr. Horr quoted Prof. Thorold Rogers, Hallam, Leber, Malthus, Hyndman and others to show that the lot of the millions in Europe was rising before 1492, and that of the feudal aristocracy, with its tyranny, was crumbling to a fall. Mr. Horr said: Mr. Harvey and his free silver friends identify prosperity and the progress of man with the lot of the feudel nobility of Europe and not with that of the toilers. Rogers, as well as Hallam speaks of 'the gradual elevation of the people themselves as opposed to the small number of the rich and the noble.' Later I shall show that in his treatment of the present, as of the past, Mr. Harvey stands as of the exponent of the rich and not of the toilers whose welfare should first be considered by the legislation of the state.

Mr. Harvey replied: "When I volunteered to explain the preface to the 'School' yesterday, without waiting for it to be attacked, because gold standard papers all over the United States had charged that it was a forgery; that no such quotation as was there used ever made from the report of any monetary commission or any other official document, I read from the report of the United States monetary commission of 1876, not for the purpose of entering into an argument on political economy of the year 1400 to 1500, but simply to show that the men quoted in the preface from New York and elsewhere who had accused me of forgery were wrong."

Mr. Horr:—The matter we were talking about when we closed last night was the question whether the framers of the bill of 1792 intended to establish two measures of value. Mr. Harvey criticised Judge Vincent for having decided that such was their intent. What Judge Vincent decided: "It is undoubtedly true that the milled dollar, as it was then current, was the starting point and the number of grains to compose a gold

R. G. HORR.

dollar was ascertained by dividing the number of grains in the silver dollar by fifteen. But this does not alter the fact that the units were expressed in gold and silver. On the contrary it seems to show that both were made units of value. The word unit was employed as the equivalent of dollar, and the dollar was to consist of either one of two different things, one tenth part of 247 1-4 grains of gold or 371 1-4 grains of silver, just as equal values may be embodied in giving weights of any two given commodities, such as wheat or corn. A unit of value is the unit in which values are expressed. The values both of gold and silver are expressed in the act of 1834, so we have two units of value. If both had not been so expressed, we could not have had bimetallism."

Mr. Horr also quoted ex-Director of the Mint E. O. Leech, that the silver dollar was the original dollar unit and a silver dollar unit, different from each other in intrinsic value. That was the reason he (Leech) proposed the law of 1873.

Mr. Harvey:—In his constant attempt to try to discuss bimetalism, the relation of silver to gold, before we get to that which is in the second chapter of the 'School,' I propose to mix the the subject up. We agreed to take up the subject of demonetization, the act of 1873, in to-day's debate, and having waited for him to begin and he not beginning, now will start. (Applause).

Mr. Horr:—I beg pardon, you misquote me. I stated last night that I had not gotten through with the unit value, that I had some other things to submit, in so many words, and we did not agree to take any one subject at any particular session, only that we would take them in a certain order and let them run until we had finished.

Mr. Harvey:—And the order was that "the crime of 1873," as we call it, came next after the discussion of the unit.

Mr. Horr:—That then discussed at length the act of 1873.

Mr. Horr:—We now come to the discussion of the law which changed this nation from a bimetallic nation to a single standard nation, the law of 1873, which Brother Harvey kindly names a "crime." It has been called that so long there is nothing novel in the name. No law has ever been passed by the American Congress which was more completely and fully understood than the law of 1873. The statement which he read to you, that the law was concerted in London, is a simple assertion, upon which he cannot produce one scintilla of reputable proof—not one word. It has been charged many years since England dictated the legislation of this country. They have trouble to do it ever since 1776. (Laughter). They would experience as much difficulty now as they then if they should attempt it. The law of 1873 had its origin, as all such laws have, in the brains of experts. The question of coinage, mintage, is a most intricate one, one of the most complicated problems with which philosophical men have ever grappled. It has been a process of development from the earliest stages of humanity down to the present time. If anybody will read the reports of the Continental Congress of the United States, the one that came immediately after the Colonial Congress, they will find that all the men who even assumed to be able to discuss the matter intelligently could be counted on the fingers of my two hands.

Mr. Harvey:—Mr. Horr says that I have no proof that the scheme was concerted in London to demonetize silver in the United States. When I was a boy I went into a court house one day to hear a criminal trial, and I heard a lawyer say: "When a crime is committed and you want to detect the criminal, look to the man who is benefited by the crime." (Applause). Reasoning by induction will more invariably locate the criminal than any uncertain human testimony. Silver was demonetized in England and in England only, prior to the day it was demonetized in this country. That was where the movement started—that is another evidence. London bankers initiated the Paris conference of 1867, at which Mr. John Sherman was present, therefore, I have the right to say the conspiracy originated in London.

In 1873, when this treacherous act was passed, there was no specie currency in this country. During all the years from 1792 to 1861 when it was actually in use and being tested for its merit, no one proposed to demonetize either of the metals except some money lenders from Europe, who proposed it in 1853. (Applause). But at that time, 1873, when it was not in circulation and was not needed, the movement was begun and consummated. And as one Congressman said, when the bill was offered in Congress: "We are not using gold and silver as money, have not yet considered an act for the resumption of specie payments, and the introduction of this bill at the present time, either means a trick, or is a farce worthy of being caricatured by Thomas Nast."

This closed the debate for the day, and the questions being in order the first was by Mr. H. L. Bliss to Mr. Harvey: The total coinage of silver by the Philadelphia mint up to 1873 amounted to, in round numbers, to $765,000,000; that of all the mints to $143,000,000. You said that the Treasury had changed its figures, and that you compelled it to do so. Now, if it not mistake to divide the unit of measure, the value of it, into two pieces, and make them take the half for the whole, you have injured them in a way that is beyond computation.

Mr. Harvey—I did not mean to criticise Mr. Horr personally. That he was an advocate of a pernicious principle did not mean that Mr. Horr himself was a bad man. This great question is not going to be decided by the American people by any advocate parading himself before them as having been a barny-fisted workingman at one time in his life. (Long continued applause.) I do not object to Mr. Horr giving the evolution of his life. I do think it was a little unfair to have omitted that in that evolution he finally became a bank president I do not envy that Mr. Horr, and numerous selfish bank presidents have at one time been in the same boat.

Mr. Horr—In reference to my having been a bank president, I omitted it not because I was ashamed of the fact. It is true that at one time I had saved what was, in some parts—not in this city—would call a competency, and I was president of a national bank. In the crash of 1873 I went down; what I had saved was swept from me by the solicitation as president of the bank. I resigned, but I did not steal any money of the bank—not a dollar. I went into the world again, single-handed, and went to work, and while putting in logs in the northern part of Michigan I was nominated for Congress and sent there, served six years of my life, and did the hardest work I ever did during those years. I came out of Congress just as poor as I went in; I could not come out any poorer; it was an impossibility. (Laughter.)

The act of 1873 was prepared after submitting the question to a large number of experts all over the United States. The mints were open to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, but the director of the mint, or president might direct what kinds of coins should be coined without interfering with the principle of law that the mints were open to free and unlimited coinage. (Applause.) The number of units coined in no way effects the substance of the unit being the measure of value. You need not coin a single unit, and yet, by law the 371¼ grains of silver could be the unit of value regulating all other coins, all compared to it in legal and commercial ratio. The act of 1873 made the gold dollar the unit, and now, by act of September 26, 1890, it is unlawful to coin a gold dollar. So that we now have a unit of 23 2-10 grains of gold, and Congress has said that the mints shall not coin any of them. But, nevertheless, we have a gold standard because the five dollar gold pieces and ten dollar gold pieces are coined with reference to 23 2-10 grains of gold being the unit of value (applause).

Mr. Horr—The first question I have is by James Bollinger. I see he asks us both to answer it. I will answer it and then pass it to Mr. Harvey. Why is it I have had so little silver or gold since the passage of the act of 1873?" is his question. It is impossible for me to tell, unless I know how you have been behaving since 1873. (Applause.)

Mr. Harvey—My answer to it is, because we have been on a gold standard. (Long continued applause).

Mr. Horr—The next question is from Mr. Motsinger, of Shoals, Ind., "Was it not right that under the so-called bimetallic laws which existed previous to 1873, when the precious metals increased in exchange value, that the debtor had, through the legal tender provision, the option of paying in the metal which had not increased in exchange value?" It was not only proper, but perfectly natural, and the only way that a man who had any sense, would pay. It was a legal right that every one in his right mind, would take advantage of.

The next question is by H. S. Taylor, "Did not Thomas Jefferson in making report to Congress in 1806, quote the report of the director of the mint that a great increase in coinage of fractional silver was made at the special request of bankers, because of a demand for fractional coinage, and to prevent the exportation of silver?"

He did not. If any body will show me the report that says he did and it is authentic, I will agree to it. I have never, myself, had my attention called to it. It was not the reason that the secretary of state under his direction gave for suspending the coinage of the standard silver dollar. If the small change was scarce, and the banks had requested Mr. Jefferson to stop the dollar coinage, and coin the small money because they needed that more, I should have considered it patriotic in him to have acceded to their wishes. He did not give it to the secretary of state as one of his reasons, but they have had such reason. I don't know.

Mr. Horr—Question by E. D. Starr, of Cleveland to Mr. Horr: "Do you now think in view of all that has transpired since, that it was a good thing in 1873 to have gone to a gold standard for this country?"

Mr. Horr—without any question, it was the only safeguard to the people of the nation and the business interests of this country. (Long and enthusiastic applause.)

To Mr. Harvey—Question by L. G. Bowers: "Was there ever a report of the director of the mint that did not contain separate statements of the coinage of the Philadelphia mint, and also a summary of the coinage of all mints, and did the director of the mint ever make a mistake as has been said by you?"

Mr. Harvey—My answer is as I understand it the coins are reported in separate tables from the separate mints, and that in another book issued officially from Washington we get them all combined in one table. As to mistakes being made by the director of the mint, mistakes are made in all official tables produced at Washington, more or less. Where you deal in so many figures, it is nearly impossible to get out a book without getting mistakes in it; they say at Washington and I agree with them, that it is utterly impossible. The only question is to get them as near to the truth as possible, and where a mistake does not effect the principle that is being examined, it is not regarded as a material mistake.

The Third Day.

Chicago, July 19.—It was knife to the hilt yesterday in the Horr-Harvey encounter. Mr. Horr opened up the sharp work right at the start. He said his opponent stated Mr. Horr has only taught in this debate a proposition that is in the interest of every selfish money lender in the world to advocate, and he is advocating it. Horr said:

I say to my opponent now, I am not a money-lender. I have not a dollar's interest in any banking institution or American corporation, or any other corporation on the face of the earth. I have spent my entire life in working for a living all the early part of that life was spent in hard work on a small farm; commenced working for myself at $10 a month; there is hardly any kind of hard manual labor in which I have not at some time in my life engaged; consequently my sympathies are with people who live by toil. I never meet a man digging in a trench but what I feel like taking off my hat and saluting him, because I once got my dishes for a living. I never meet a brakeman or a baggageman without feeling kindly towards him, because for months I was brakeman on a freight train, night and day, from my first promotion to baggagemaster was one of the proudest moments of my life. (Applause.) I come into this debate for the purpose of defending the interests, as my friend will term before I finish it, of the men who live by honest toil. (Applause.) I do not think that a man becomes a scoundrel necessarily because he saves a part of what he earns. I do not think it is anything against a man if he even becomes a stockholder in a national bank. I am informed, Brother Harvey, that your father got fortunate enough to own stock in the Kaskaska National bank. Am I right about that?

Mr. Harvey—No, sir, he does not.

Mr. Horr—Did he ever?

Mr. Harvey—Never did.

Mr. Horr—Well, it wouldn't hurt him if he had, would it?

Mr. Harvey—No, sir.

Mr. Horr—He could own stock in the bank and still keep honest, couldn't he?

Mr. Harvey—Yes.

Mr. Horr—A man could be successful in life without creating in me any spirit of envy. I have shared this world's goods, accumulate money and then invest it in building up great industries for the benefit of the people who earn wages, bless this nation and any system which injures them necessarily injures the people who live by daily toil. Consequently I am just as zealous in my efforts to prevent financial disaster to the business men of this nation as I am to see to it that the wages of the workingmen are not cut in two by using a debased and depreciated measure of values. (Applause.) When you divide the unit of measure, the value of it, into two pieces, and make them take the half for the whole, you have injured them in a way that is beyond computation.

Mr. Harvey—I did not mean to criticise Mr. Horr personally. That he was an advocate of a pernicious principle did not mean that Mr. Horr himself was a bad man. This great question is not going to be decided by the American people by any advocate parading himself before them as having been a barny-fisted workingman at one time in his life. (Long continued applause.) I do not object to Mr. Horr giving the evolution of his life. I do think it was a little unfair to have omitted that in that evolution he finally became a bank president I do not envy that Mr. Horr, and numerous selfish bank presidents have at one time been in the same boat.

Mr. Horr—In reference to my having been a bank president, I omitted it not because I was ashamed of the fact. It is true that at one time I had saved what was, in some parts—not in this city—would call a competency, and I was president of a national bank. In the crash of 1873 I went down; what I had saved was swept from me by the solicitation as president of the bank. I resigned, but I did not steal any money of the bank—not a dollar. I went into the world again, single-handed, and went to work, and while putting in logs in the northern part of Michigan I was nominated for Congress and sent there, served six years of my life, and did the hardest work I ever did during those years. I came out of Congress just as poor as I went in; I could not come out any poorer; it was an impossibility. (Laughter.)

The act of 1873 was prepared after submitting the question to a large number of experts all over the United States.

W. H. HARVEY.

We had never had a revision of the mint laws for a number of years, and the men in charge of the mint thought that the time had come when something should be done. Among the men consulted upon the question were Mr. Boutwell, the secretary of the treasury; Mr. Knox, deputy comptroller of the currency; Mr. Linderman, the director of the mint, Mr. Parvin, superintendent of the mint at Philadelphia. My friend here intimates that this law must save been wicked because it was hitched on to the revision of the mint laws. Why, that is where it belonged. That was the place to find it. The bill, with the correspondence, was submitted to Congress in the most complete form, and with an elaborate report from Mr. Knox, which explained all its provisions. Thousands of copies of the bill were sent broadcast to all parts of the country. The Bankers' Magazine, in its number of July, 1870, printed this report of Mr. Knox, and commented on the same. The bill prepared by Mr Knox was endorsed by Secretary Boutwell, of the treasury, and transmitted to the Senate on April 25, 1870. The bill, as it was at that time drafted, dropped the dollar silver coin of the United States, and changed the unit of value. That was the original bill, as it was sent to the Senate with a letter from the secretary. Now, nobody tried to cover up that fact. In this report of Mr. Knox were found all the facts of these different experts to whom had been sent a draft of the bill, and who had been asked for their opinion upon it. Those letters were appended to the carefully prepared report of Mr. Knox.

Mr. Patterson wrote to Mr. Knox and his letter was printed in the public documents. Here is this fact: I have said every single document I have referred to I copied from the books of the government in the city of Washington, myself individually, and I know what I am talking about. Mr. Patterson said: "The silver dollar, half, dime and three cent piece are dispensed with by this amendment. Gold becomes the standard money, of which the gold dollar is the unit. Silver is subsidiary, embracing coins from the dime to the half dollar." Can anything be more plain than that? Was there any covering up of anything in that letter?

Mr. Harvey—In the presentation of demonetization I have called attention to the condition, morally of Congress at the time of the passage of the act, to impeachment charges against Vice President Colfax in 1873, for fraud in connection with legislation; to the resignation of Secretary of War Belknap for bribery, in 1876. I now proceed, after first stating for Mr. Horr's information, that Del Mar, the English historian, says that the act of 1816, demonetizing silver in England, had as clause in it that it might be reinstated by the kink; that that clause giving a right to reinstatement was repealed in 1871, and that the act in which it was repealed was written two weeks in the brain of Mr. Knox, the Comptroller of the Treasury (Applause), and was in part the basis of the act in this country. There was an era of corruption in Congress at that time. Clinton Colgate confessed before the Ways and Means committee of 1873 to the use of money to influence the incorporation of special features in the internal revenue bill, testifying among other things, that Charles Sherman, of Ohio, a brother of Senator Sherman, had been paid $10,000 by the New York Stock Exchange in connection with the revenue bill. The officials of the Stock Exchange were subpoenaed, and the facts developed that while the money had not been paid, Judge Sherman had rendered a bill to the Exchange for his services, and as he claimed, for securing the services of his brother, Senator Sherman, for the passage through Congress of the bill. (Applause). It would readily exhaust the words of this debate to go into all the investigations of that notorious Congress.

Mr. Horr—The attempt of Mr. Harvey to smirch the Congress of the United States and make the people of this country believe that the people were acted upon by the Congress in this country as a rule are corrupt; and have been subject to purchase and sale, can be characterized only as infamous. (Applause.) The nation of which I am proud to be a citizen has not had a purer set of legislators than have been in the Congress of this country during its existence. There sit before me several members of Congress who served with me in several Congresses, and I appeal to each and every one of them if, during their entire services, they ever saw or mistrusted that money was being used to purchase members of Congress. I served six years without ever knowing that an instance of that kind had occurred during the Congresses in which I served. When men come out with the proposition that in order to prove their case they must also prove that the majority of the best men of this country are rascals and scoundrels, they should first stop before they begin. (Applause). The people of this country—and the Congressman is no exception—as an average, are upright, honest business men. I will add that Judge Sherman was guilty of a crime. That was never in any way connected with his brother, John Sherman, and you knew it. They exonerated both.

Mr. Harvey—Did they impeach Judge Sherman?

Mr. Horr—Judge Sherman resigned immediately; they drove him from the bench. (Applause). The public opinion of this country would not permit a man to hold a public position who would do a thing of that kind. But what has that to do with the question whether Mr. Knox openly and squarely presented this bill to Congress? Mr. Knox said himself: "The coinage of the silver dollar piece, the history of which is therein detailed, is discontinued by the proposed bill. It is by law the dollar unit. The present gold dollar piece is made the dollar unit in the proposed bill."

A voice in the audience—When was that written?

Mr. Horr—Just before it was sent to Congress in 1870. It was a part of the report that Secretary Boutwell sent to the Senate in the spring of 1870. It accompanied the bill, and was printed in the public documents as being an explanation of the bill, by order of the Senate. Is there anything hidden in these statements?

Mr. Harvey—Among the many charges of corruption made at this period, 1873, there was one of significance when we consider that silver was demonetized by a single sentence being omitted from the report of the conference committee and enrollment of the mint bill, and indicates the power, in this instance, a corrupt clerk could have. George A. Bassett, clerk of the Ways and Means committee, 1873, was charged with having demanded $250 per month from the bankers and brokers of New York to assist them in repealing the tax on borrowed capital, and $5,000 when the act passed. The report of the Secretary of February, 1873, the very month in which silver was demonetized, said: "Turkish corruption under the pashas and beys, or Russian official rottenness, could scarcely be worse than it is here." (Applause.)

The salary grab bill passed March 3, 1873. The people rose en masse and forced Congress to repeal this bill, little lingering at a time that another bill had passed that Congress that was to rob them of millions of dollars. The people could understand a salary grab, but they couldn't understand a scientific question of the nature of silver. (Applause.) To make plain how the fraud was practiced, I copy into my remarks sections 15 and 16 of the bill as it is supposed to have been read when on its passage, together with the words fraudulently omitted in brackets. Omit the words in brackets and you have these sections as they now read in the statutes; include the words in brackets, and you have the sections as the bill was supposed to have passed Congress.

Mr. Horr—Who is that from? I don't understand.

Mr. Harvey—I take the two sections as they now appear in the the statutes and I add between brackets the words that were erased from the bill——

Mr. Horr—Erased?

Mr. Harvey—(Continuing) Surreptitiously in its passage.

Mr. Horr—By whom? What proof have you that anything was erased?

Mr. Harvey—I'll get to the proof of that a little later. The standard silver dollar was fraudulently omitted after the bill had passed both houses (Applause). It will be asked by candid citizens that such a fraud could be practiced, and the hesitancy with which they accept its truth attests the integrity of our people. I will say that the proof, and I promise you it shall be conclusive, I wish to speak of official crimes.

Mr. Harvey quoted Judge Kelly, chairman of the committee reporting the bill, to show that in 1871 we were not using coin, and that neither house appreciated the scope and magnitude of the bill, or had given it careful study, particularly as it was a bill to reorganize the mints, not to revise the coin money of the country. Continuing, Mr. Harvey said:

Secretary of War Belknap committed a crime and confessed it as have many others in high official life, and it is believed Fernando Wood confessed. The percentage of those who confess to those who are otherwise found guilty and punished, is probably not to exceed one per cent, and only a small proportion of those corrupt are ever arraigned.

A few years ago, and within our own recollection, four prominent members of the national legislature of France were found guilty and sentenced to punishment for accepting bribes to control their votes, in connection with the construction of the Panama canal.

No people are by nature more tenacious of their liberties than the Irish, yet through the efforts of the unscrupulous diplomat, Lord Castlereagh, English gold, supplemented by royalty's gifts of titles, came the destruction of the Irish Parliament. Since then home rule in Ireland has been prevented by the influence of the aristocracy of England, "sidetracking" the issue of home rule. As long as the dominant power can prevent it, like this financial question, coming to the political issue, they will do it by deceiving the people with party platforms or by preventing an issue from being made up, they can continue to accomplish the work already begun. Home rule in Ireland is in that condition.

The Chicago Post of yesterday, a gold standard paper, says: "For all political purposes the free silver dogma is as dead in the United States to-day as is the home rule dogma in England. Both are out of the range of practical politics."

Such insidious statements as that, telling them it is not an issue, in other words, that they cannot get an opportunity to vote for that for which they have a right to vote—is their method for suppressing popular liberty.

Mr. Horr—Mr. Harvey still continues to rest his case upon an attempt to prove that the human family is made up of scoundrels; that there is no such thing as honor among the people of this or any other country. The infamous statement that every man has his price ought to be branded upon the brow of every man who will quote it in earnest, because it is a lie against humanity. (Long continued applause.) It is equally only by the other statement that there is no such thing as virtue among the women of the United States or any other country.

Mr. Harvey—I don't make that statement.

Mr. Horr—That was a motto that nobody but a villain like Aaron Burr ever would have uttered. I am surprised that in the nineteenth century a man will stand up before an American audience and base his case upon the proposition that the people of our grand republic are mostly villains, because I say to you, in all candor, the members of Congress are fully up in honesty and decency to the average of the American people. That is because they have been one myself, you know. (Laughter.) But what has all that to do with whether this bill was properly presented and discussed? That is all familiar with that Mr. Kelly said afterwards, but I now read to you what he said when this bill was up in the House on the report of Mr. Hooper, and it is not a speech that was printed "by leave." This took place right on the floor of the House.

"It is impossible to retain the double standard. The value of gold and silver continually fluctuates; you cannot determine this year what will be the relative value of gold and silver next year. They were 15 to 1 a short time ago. They are 18 to 1 now. Hence all experience has shown that you must have one standard coin which shall be a legal tender for all others."

Mr. Horr then took up the history of the demonetization act and proceeded to show the stages through which it had passed, and that its final enactment was not till after it had been before Congress for nearly three years.

Mr. Harvey then returned to the attack upon the honesty of legislators throughout the country, including Congress and the Illinois and Colorado legislatures. This venality was sapping the foundations of the government, as it had sapped the foundations and destroyed every republic of the past.

Mr. Horr again returned in the defense of the honesty of the American people. He said Mr. Harvey merely picked out a few corrupt men, and drew from them the proposition that the people of the nation were all corrupt. He then proceeded with the history of the demonetization of silver, pointing out how the bill had been read in full several times and printed separately eleven times and twice in the reports of the Comptroller of the Currency. The debates in the Senate on it occupied 66 columns in the Congressional Globe. In the report of the committee it was stated that it had been considered by the House and word, and was finally passed. He would show that in so doing the Senate knew what it was about.

Mr. Harvey's reply said that Mr. Horr would have to retreat from his position when the proper time came. In point of fact, the bill about which he had been talking was not the bill finally passed. Judge Kelly, in presenting the bill in the House, said it was merely a codification of the mint laws. In response to a question Judge Kelly replied that the change made not change any of the coins of the nation. In 1872, when the bill came up again, it was spoken of as a bill on a dry subject and members lost no time at all in voting it through. It was at this time that was the first disclosure of the intention to change the standard to gold was made in a speech by Mr. Hooper. But there was no opportunity to believe that the speech was not actually delivered, but was printed by leave, or that it was read from manuscript and those words omitted. But no reference was made to the demonetization of silver. On the enrollment of the bill a clause was omitted which had the effect of limiting the coinage of silver.

Mr. Horr, replying, charged Mr. Harvey with quoting a single sentence and leaving out the modifying context. The Globe showed that this statement was made in the morning debate, and was not under leave to print. As to every speech referred to by Mr. Harvey, the speaker said this bill provided for a standard, "in a single metal," instead of as before, in both metals, and that all coins, except subsidiary coins, should be of gold.

Mr. Horr then spoke on the demonetization of silver as the result of his experience in the use of the double standard. In 1871 Germany adopted the gold standard and threw on the market $200,000,000 in silver. This act set the world to considering the silver question—not any gold-bug conspiracy. The financial policy of no great nation was ever dominated by a conspiracy.

In replying to the large assortment of questions put to Messrs. Horr and Harvey by spectators, the most interesting colloquy, perhaps, was that at the very end of the day's proceedings. This conundrum was put by Mr. L. G. Powers, of Michigan. "You said yesterday, Mr. Harvey, first, that I did not say that I had forced them to change it or to correct any mistake." 'In Coin's Financial School Up to Date,' page 52, you say: 'Coin here explains how an error had crept into the official report of the Treasurer. That he had since forced the Treasury department to correct that error.' Please explain the manifest discrepancy."

Mr. Harvey—The answer is, Coin, a little boy in knee pants, represents the cause of bimetallism; he does not represent me. (Applause and groans on each side of the house respectively.) I would not have the egotism to claim that I represent Coin in the many arguments and sentiments and kind things said about the little boy by the author and when Coin's influence is exercised at Washington or San Francisco or Memphis, it means the influence of bimetallism and humanity.

On the request of Mr. Horr, the further hearing of the debate was adjourned to 1 p. m. Saturday.

The Fourth Day.

Chicago, July 20.—The crucial point was reached to-day in the big Horr-Harvey debate. It was near the end of the session, when Mr. Horr breaking away from the long continued discussion of the circumstances surrounding the enactment of the law of 1873, stated the condition of the debate, and then compactly his version of the existing plumped the main question: "Ought we again to throw open the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver?"

Mr. Harvey was evidently taken by surprise, but stood by his guns and insisted upon proceeding with his attempt to prove that the demonetization of silver was accomplished with a surreptitiousness that was criminal. Here is what Mr. Horr said preparatory to springing the chief issue:

There are some things about which Mr. Harvey and myself differ, and some about which we agree. We thanks our forefathers established a single measure of value, that that measure was 371 1-4 grains of pure silver, that gold was made a simple companion metal of silver, and that its value was to be all the time measured by a silver dollar. I believe that those early patriots attempted to establish a measure of value out of two metals, gold and silver, that they supposed they had hit upon a ratio which would secure the use of both gold dollars and silver dollars side by side.

We agree that up to 1834 the measure of value in actual use in this country was the silver dollar. I assert that in 1834 the ratio was changed, that the gold dollar was made smaller. He admits this, that I insist that when the gold dollar was cheapened it became the actual measure of value in this country, and remained up to the suspension of the specie payments; that the silver dollar, though still a legal measure of value, was not used in this country as the measure after 1834. He denies that.

We both agree that from 1862 to 1879 the domestic business of this country was done by using the greenback dollar as the measure of values, which was simply a promise to pay a gold dollar in value for either the gold dollar of the silver dollar. He states this in his book—we both agree. Now mark.

We both agree that in 1879 the coinage of silver dollars was stopped by law, and that since 1879—since the resumption of specie payments—the domestic and international business of this country had been done on a gold basis. He says he believes Great Britain has been on a gold basis since 1816; no dispute about it. Yet I maintain that Germany caused the coinage of silver in 1871, and he claims that it was not done until later, in 1873; but we both agree that since January 1, 1874, Germany has been entirely upon a gold basis.

We agree that the nations which compose the Latin Union, to wit: France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and Greece, are all of them to-day gold standard countries. There is no dispute between us that British America and Australia are also gold standard countries.

We agree that Mexico, China, Japan and several of the republics of South America are silver standard nations. That to-day no nation on the face of the earth that is actually using a double standard. The actual measure of value in each of the countries of the world is either gold alone or silver alone except in some countries where depreciated paper money is the only circulating medium, and metal money is bought and sold as a commodity, just as was the case in this country during the suspension of specie payments.

Mr. Harvey claims that the law of 1873 was secretly and fraudulently passed. He wont deny that he claims that. That I have denied and still deny. I say there is not a grain of truth in such a statement. But we both agree that the law was passed and is in force to-day.

Now the important question before the American people at this moment, and the one we are here to discuss is this: Ought the law to be repealed? Ought we to again throw open the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver, upon the old ratio of 16 to 1, when the actual ratio of value in the markets of the world is full 30 to 1?

Mr. Harvey—When I have read the printed record of what Mr. Horr has just now said, it will be time enough for me to take up a new subject. I am not done with the present subject yet.

The act of 1853 served the purpose of the men who were seeking to overthrow our constitutional standard of money in this way. In 1853, on account of the exportation of our silver coins by reason of the French ratio of 15 1-2 to 1, being less than ours, 16 to 1, Congress prescribed the silver unit, ordered by act the fractional silver 50 cents and less should be cut down in size to the French ratio and stop its exportation. The silver unit was preserved and could be preserved without even coining a single one of them. It would regulate the other coins all the same.

Now this fractional silver had its legal tender character taken away from it because it was not of full weight. It was not made full weight because of the fraudulent act of 1873, but because of exportation, and it was made a legal tender because it was not of full weight. It matters not what other consideration whether we would go to the French ratio as a whole or not. So that when the bill in 1873 was being considered by Congress, when nobody was thinking about coins, and every few knew anything about it, these men who were steering the bill said: "We are re-enacting the act of 1853; there can't be anything wrong about that." And that is what they made senators and congressmen believe they were doing, except that they were going to reduce the size of the silver dollar to put us on the French ratio, but talking to men who knew nothing about bimetallism or the previous history of coinage the act of 1873 served that purpose to get the language in the bill conferring the fractional coin, and the preceding clause that had the dollar in it into language of the act of 1853. So that all they had to do was to strike out the line that had the dollar in it, the words of the act of 1853, which was a free coinage dollar, and there you had an act without any free coinage silver in it.

I have before me on this table the files of the Chicago Tribune for 1873. This bill was passed in the Senate on January 17, so that the morning papers of the 18th would contain any news, if there were any, showing that the fundamental laws of the government had been changed. The only reference that appears in that paper is in a press telegram from Washington, which is this. I read it:

"Mr. Sherman called up the bill to revise and amend the laws relating to mints, assay offices and coinage of the United States, which was amended and passed."

That is all, not another word. One of the moneys metals of the United States as is now conceded, was struck down by that bill; one of the moneys of the constitution had been overthrown; the dollar that had regulated all other coins had been abolished. A great war debt to be paid off, and one of our moneys demonetized. (Long continued applause.)

No information of that f

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WASHINGTON.

A CABINET CONCLAVE.

People Who Tried to Guess What It Was All About.

Washington, July 20.—For the first time in many years there was a mid-summer cabinet meeting in Washington yesterday afternoon. In the absence of the President, Secretary of State Olney apparently came to Washington from Falmouth for the express purpose, for he arrived at noon and left the city immediately this morning.

Whatever were the subjects considered cannot be learned, and apparently it was resolved to keep the proceedings secret, for each of the persons present, as they emerged, declined courteously, but positively, to answer a single question touching their deliberations. All that could be gathered was to the effect that nothing had happened at Gray Gables to give rise to any apprehension. Still there was an air of gravity in the demeanor of the cabinet officers as they emerged from the conference that would indicate that some weighty and important questions had been under discussion.

Spanish Minister De Lome was seen last night but refused absolutely to be interviewed as to the reasons for his presence here at this time

The impression is very strong tonight that the cabinet meeting was for the purpose of discussing the neutrality features of the Cuban question. It is known that they have been watching narrowly the proceedings of the Cuban sympathizers, who have been operating in the United States, and it is believed the open and questionable operations at the New York meeting lately, when a convention went through the form of electing a president for Cuba, has given rise to doubt whether that was not a proceeding which did not constitute, at least in spirit, that principle of neutrality laws which forbids the use of the United States as the base of operations against a nation with which the United States is on terms of peace. If this view was taken of the matter by the cabinet meeting yesterday it is likely that it will be manifested through the issue of another presidential proclamation much more sweeping in its terms than that already put forth, warning the residents of this country against any infraction of the neutrality laws, and this in turn may be followed by instructions to the judicial officers of the government that will summarily check any hostile movements against the Spaniards in Cuba from this country.

SWAMP LAND GRANTS.

Necessary to Scan the Surveys by States.

Washington, July 22.—Attention has recently been called to the swamp land grants to the various cities by the visits paid to the Interior Department by delegations from the state governments, which came with the desire of expediting the work of patenting the lands to their new owners.

Rapidly as the work has been proceeding ever since 1849, the date of the first swamp land grant, it is actually almost as far from being completed as when it was first begun. The terms of the grant have been found to constitute a regular sink-hole into which lands can be poured almost without cessation without appearing to fill up.

The following table shows the quantities of land claimed under the act by the more important swamp lands states. Some of them have claimed about half of their entire area and have actually had from one-third to one-fifth of it patented to them:

State.	Swamp land claimed.	Swamp land Patented
Florida	22,229,000	16,657,000
Louisiana	11,769,000	9,011,0
Arkansas	8,856,000	7,674,000
Michigan	7,293,000	5,670,000
Wisconsin	4,570,000	3,245,000
Iowa	4,568,000	1,185,000
Minnesota	4,548,000	3,011,000
Illinois	3,981,000	1,456,000
Mississippi	3,003,000	3,207,000

Two methods have been followed in the adjustment of the grants. In the first place the state is asked whether it will send out its own surveyors and ascertain its own swamp lands, or whether it will accept the United States survey. The reply has invariably been in favor of the latter.

The swamp land office has then gone over the notes of the United States surveyors, and wherever swamp lands were shown by them has forwarded lists of them to the secretary of the interior. On his approval lands have been patented to the states.

After the first big adjustment of the grants the states made no claim for a time. Then they began to examine into the subject, and finally in every case they have put their own men into the field to reverse the United States surveys. For over 30 years this has been going on, and there seems no evidence that it will ever stop. Claims rejected ten or twenty years ago are made afresh to-day, and as the question of swamp or not swamp is an actual fact to be ascertained by observation the claims must each time be examined into by the government surveyors. When the state surveyors make a claim a government surveyor is sent to go over it, and on his report the land is approved and patented. Within the last year or more the work of going over all the early lists has been taken up with a view to ascertaining why the sections were so set aside, and if possible in the hope of finally closing up these open records. The work is progressing rapidly, and it is hoped that it will be closed at least so far as these early tracts are concerned, although the later lists will probably not be fully adjusted before the end of the next century.

GRAIN SMUTS TALKED ABOUT.

The Government Outlines Prevention and Treatment.

Washington, July 20.—The ravages of the grain smuts are reviewed and the means of prevention outlined in a report of the agricultural department. The oat smut, which is found throughout the United States, and is known on every continent, probably has the widest distribution of any of the species. The official estimate of the direct loss from it is 5 per cent of the crop, or about $15,000,000 annually. Stinking smuts in wheat fields cost the country many millions of dollars annually. Sometimes 50 or even 75 per cent of the heads are smutted, and the sound grain is so contaminated with the fetid spores as to be nearly worthless for flour and worse than useless for seed. The disease is often spread from farm to farm by threshing machines.

Wheat growers are urged to try to secure seed wheat from fields known by careful examination, at flowering time, to be free from loose smut. It can, however, be combated by treating enough wheat to furnish seed for the following year. Oat smut can be completely prevented by two newly discovered treatments of the seed by the use of potassium sulphide and hot water. Hot water is also advocated for eradicating loose smut of wheat and barley smut, and copper sulphate for wheat smut. The hot water and potassium sulphide seed treatment result in an increase in the yield, averaging double or treble what would result from suppressing the visible smut.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS.

The Government Statement for the Fiscal Year.

Washington, July 17.—A statement of the imports, exports and immigration of the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895, shows as follows: Merchandise exported, $807,698,261; last year, $891,907,709. Merchandise imported, $731,960,319, of which about one-half was free of duty. Merchandise imported in 1894, $647,-775,107, of which $372,575,951 was free of duty. The gold coin and bullion exported during the last fiscal year amount to $66,131,183, and the imports $35,984,449. The exports last year, therefore, were $30,984,449 in excess of the imports. In the previous year the exports exceeded the imports by $4,528,942. The exports of silver during the last year aggregated $49,223,-612, against $9,518,928 in imports. This is a slight falling off from both exports and imports of the previous year. During the fiscal year 1895 the number of immigrants who arrived in this country was 276,136, against 211,612 during the previous year.

SOVEREIGN'S ORDER.

Boycott Against National Bank Notes Everywhere.

Washington, July 19.—The Times to-day prints the outlines of a manifesto to be issued by General Master Workman Sovereign, of the Knights of Labor, for the boycott of all national banks. It will be addressed to the Knights of Labor, the Farmers' Alliance, the People's Party, Reform club, and kindred societies. It is a call for a boycott of national bank notes in all dealings between individuals. It is to go into effect September 1. The circular or manifesto, holds that "the national banks are responsible for the destruction of the greenbacks, the payment of bonds in coin, the funding acts, the demonetization of silver, and all the corrupt financial legislation in this country for the past thirty years. They have boycotted and discriminated against every kind of money that promised relief to the debtor class, and prosperity to the industrial masses. They are boycotters of the most cruel and merciless kind."

This boycott will precipitate the great conflict with the people on one side, and the banks on the other, and the issues will be as sharply drawn as in the struggle of Andrew Jackson with the old United States bank sixty years ago. * * * * * * * * *

"The struggle of 1896 must result in victory for the common people, or the hope of American liberty is lost, and recovery impossible through methods now sanctioned by law. * * * * *

"On and after September 1, 1895, let every Knight of Labor, and every person whose love of justice is above the sordid interests of tyrants, refuse to accept national bank notes in payment of wages, produce, or in payment of any debt or obligation not made necessary by the limited legal tender qualities of the notes.

"Boycott the notes of national banks," says the circular in conclusion.

Mr. Sovereign emphatically stated that it was obligatory on every Knight of Labor to obey the order after the date named. "Not only that," said he, "but we expect similar orders to be issued by the heads of all sympathetic organizations. Mr. Sovereign left for Texas last night.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR BOYCOTT.

National Banks Could Smile While Laboring Men Cried.

At the Treasury Department it was said that the plan of the Sovereign K. of L. boycotting national bank notes, if carried out, would prove more harmful than beneficial to the labor interests of the country, as it would contract the currency to the extent of $211,000,000 without injuring national banks.

"It would not hurt the national banks at all," said Mr. O. P. Tucker, deputy controller of the currency. "If people should refuse to receive these notes banks would simply present them to the United States Treasury for redemption and receive legal tender notes, which they would continue to use in their business. There are only $211,000,000 of national bank notes in circulation, while there $950,-000,000 of other kinds of money outstanding."

COME, UNCLE SAM,

Make France Come to Time in the Waller Matter.

Washington, July 23.—The negotiations with the French government respecting the case of ex-U. S. Consul Waller, who is now under confinement in a French jail at Marseilles, are in a most unsatisfactory shape; and this, too, in spite of the best efforts of the department exerted through Ambassador Eustis to secure justice for Waller. It is becoming evident that if anything is to be accomplished it will be only by the display of a much more determined stand than has yet been assumed by our government. Letters received here from the prisoner show that he is still a sick man.

THE MORA CLAIM

A Plan Will be Adopted for Adjusting All Other Claims.

Washington, July 18.—A cablegram received by Nathaniel Paige, of this city, one of the attorneys for the Mora claim, states that Spain will pay the claim at once. It is said that the state department has also received information to the effect that the claim is to be paid at once.

It is understood here that the payment of the Mora claim is to be speedily followed by the signature of a convention between the United States and Spain for the adjudication of all pending claims by citizens of one country against the government of the other. This convention has been hanging fire between the two governments for a number of years past.

On the Spanish side it has been insisted that the arrangement for the adjudication of the other claims pending between the two governments should be made precedent to the payment of the Mora claim. The United States, on the other hand, while declaring a willingness to settle all other claims, has contended that the Mora claim, which had been adjusted already, should be paid before any steps would be taken by this government to bring about a settlement of the other claims.

PENSION APPEALS.

Washington, July 17.—Assistant Secretary Reynolds has rendered three decisions in pension appeal cases. In the first he holds that while the commissioner of pensions is forbidden by law to suspend payment of a pension pending proceedings to annul or reduce it, nevertheless, in case such pension is annulled, all unpaid pension apparently accrued at the date of annulment becomes illegal and must not be paid.

In the second case the secretary holds that the law forbidding the commissioner to reduce pensions without 30 days' notice, does not apply to cases acted on before its passage.

In the third case it is held that as the act pensioning the children of a soldier who are under 16 years of age expressly provides that pensions shall begin from the date of filing the application for the pension, a claimant who was over 16 years old when the act was passed, has no claim for pension at all.

PUBLIC IS WITH HER.

Miss Key May be Reinstated After All.

Washington, July 22.—The recent dismissal by Commissioner Lochren, of Miss Key, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, of "Star Spangled Banner" fame, has aroused no little sentiment against the department, and according to Senator Gorman, who has espoused the lady's cause, she will be reinstated.

Miss Key and her family were reduced to destitute circumstances through her dismissal, and an Eastern paper undertook to raise a subscription for her. The fund has now reached $800, and nearly all of the Cabinet officers contributed. Gorman will render the greatest service by securing her reinstatement.

MARION CLEVELAND.

Name Chosen for the President's New Daughter.

Buzzard's Bay, Mass., July 20.—Marion, a French rendition of the musical name Mary, has been decided upon by President and Mrs. Cleveland as the name for the baby born to them about two weeks ago. The fact was officially announced by Private Secretary Thurber yesterday afternoon. There was no unusual ceremony attendant upon the naming of the baby except that which occurs in any household on such occasions.

The name was suggested by that of the beautiful spot on the shores of Buzzard's Bay in which the President and his wife passed several months previous to their selection of Gray Gables as the site of their summer home—Marion, Mass.

DESTITUTE CHEROKEE FAMILIES.

Generous Chicago Movement for Their Relief.

Chicago, July 19.—Relief for the 2,-000 destitute families of homeseekers in the Cherokee strip is assured by the prompt action of Chicago merchants, commission men and brokers. Already a car load of flour is in transit; last night a big car load of non-perishable provisions was shipped by the Produce Exchange, and over $400 in cash has been contributed by the wholesale grocers and business men, which will be expended at the scene of privations for the necessaries absolutely required by the destitute families.

Charitable business men have been greatly agitated by the tales of suffering. Board of Trade men subscribed for a car load of flour, and the Rock Island railroad furnished the car and free transportation. Last season the homeseekers were unable to raise a crop on account of the drouth in the strip, and many were compelled to abandon their claims. This season the failure of the crop was almost complete, but there is every prospect for a fair second crop of cereals, potatoes, etc.

WHERE PIONEERS LANDED.

Marietta's Historical Society Has Placed a Monument.

Marietta, O., July 18.—The New Century Historical society of this city, dedicated a monument here marking the spot where the pioneers' families landed. This is the fifth of a series of monuments erected by this society to mark historic spots. The first was placed in position several years ago to locate the site of the old stockade fort or campus martins in which the settlers lived during the Indian war. The second was placed near the spot where General Arthur St. Clair, on July 15, 1778, was inaugurated governor first governor of the Northwest territory at the time the ordinance of 1787 was proclaimed and civil government was first established in the territory, which afterwards was divided into five great states, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Missouri. The third monument was erected to mark the site of Fort Harmar, built in 1785. The fourth was to mark the spot where the pioneers landed April 7, 1788, and now the fifth, just dedicated, is to commemorate the landing of the first families.

IN A SLEEPING CAR,

Important Arrest of Chinamen Smugglers in Detroit Last Night.

Detroit, July 17—Last night important arrests of smuggled Chinamen were made on a Wagner sleeping car which had just crossed the river from the Grand Trunk railway and was being switched to the Wabash road. Division Superintendent Chamberlain, of the Wagner Company, entered the car accompanied by Special Agent Wood and Inspector Canary.

The conductor, Frederick R. Lincoln, of Buffalo, and Porter Charles McLain, of Chicago, were obliged to permit the superintendent and officers to inspect the berths, although they protested that there was a woman in the state room. In this compartment were found four Chinamen, with Herbert Johnson, of Windsor, who has a record as a smuggler. Johnson, the conductor, and the porter were arrested, and with the Chinamen went to jail in default of $1,000 bail each required by the United States Court commissioner.

TO PROTECT LABOR.

Amalgamation of Texas Farmers' Alliance and Labor Organizations.

Dallas, Tex., July 19—The State Federation of Labor, the Federated Trades of Texas, and the State Farmers' Alliance have amalgamated, and a joint call has been issued for a meeting at Campasses Springs, Texas. The call closes as follows: "Recent decisions of the courts and recent action by the authorities have put the very existence of labor organizations in great jeopardy, and if these decisions and actions are allowed to pass unchallenged, the right to organize is logically denied. It is no exaggeration to say that never in the history of this nation have so many and so grave issues confronted organized labor as now, and never was united intelligent action so imperative." It is believed that separate political action will be one of the results.

NOW BUY WHEAT.

Big Northwest Crop Reported Badly Injured by Smut.

Duluth, July 23.—Nearly every grain receiver at Duluth yesterday received dispatches from his Dakota reporters, in most cases from men who have been sent from here to investigate, and which report great damage to wheat by smut. The reports in addition were to the effect that the crop had been over estimated in the first place, and that it had deteriorated since July, especially since the cold weather set in, so that it is now not believed that the crop of the three Northwestern states will exceed 100,-000,000 bushels, whereas 130,000,000 bushels has been the lowest estimate heretofore.

A. P. A. RAN THINGS.

Fired Superintendent Marble, of the Omaha Public Schools.

Omaha, Neb., July 23.—As a result of the dissatisfaction of the A. P. A. board of arbitration with Superintendent Marble, of the city schools, he was last night deposed, and Frank B. Cooper, superintendent of the Des Moines city schools, elected in his place. Superintendent Marble had refused to permit A. P. A. or any other element to dictate the management, and the fight on him by the A. P. A. resulted.

BERING SEA FROZEN SOLID.

Capt. Higgins, of the Excelsior, Believes This to be True.

Seattle, Wash., July 19.—The steam schooner Excelsior, Capt. J. F. Higgins, has arrived with the first news direct from Yukon, this summer.

The Excelsior was delayed 14 days on the way north by a large field of ice, one mass being fully 400 miles long and 100 miles wide. In the opinion of Capt. Higgins, Bering sea was entirely frozen over last winter.

Pine for Twine.

Omaha, July 23.—A binder twine famine is threatened in the interior of Nebraska. Many farmers are experiencing the greatest difficulty in securing twine sufficient to harvest that portion of their grain which demands immediate attention. The straw is heavy this year and where two pounds were sufficient per acre, three and one-half were necessary this year. Merchants' supply can not be renewed.

Large Deposit of Gold Dust.

Helena, Mont., July 23.—The Helena assay office yesterday received the biggest single deposit of gold dust ever made in Helena. There were over 3,000 ounces, worth about $55,000. It was the first shipment for the season from the placer mines on the Yukon river in Alaska.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Piles,

SICK HEADACHE,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
INDIGESTION,
BILIOUSNESS,
CONSTIPATION,
DYSPEPSIA
—AND—
All Disorders of the Liver.

☞ Full printed directions in each box; 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists. Send to

RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK,

For Book of Advice.

LARGE NUMBER OF INDIAN POACHERS WIPED OUT.

Now the Noble Red Men Threaten, "Heap Trubble."

Market Lake, Idaho, July 23.—On July 13, thirty men left Jackson's Hole to arrest all Indians breaking the game laws of Wyoming. In Hoback Canon they surprised a camp of 17 Indians, and took them all prisoners. In the canon they tried to escape, and all the Indians were killed except one papoose, who was brought into the Hole. There were 133 fresh elk skins in this camp.

John N. Carnes, a squaw man, and the oldest settler in Jackson's Hole, has gone over into Idaho and says every settler in Jackson will be butchered. There were 300 Bannock warriors on Hoback river when Carnes was there, and he says all squaws have been sent away, and that the bucks are daily joining the main band.

Jackson's Hole settlers are now intrenched and awaiting the attack. Unless the cavalry gets there quick every settler between Jackson's Hole and this railway station is in danger of massacre.

CHICAGO SILVER CONFERENCE.

The Elements Do Not Assimilate Readily, It Seems.

Chicago, July 20.—The silver conference at the Auditorium yesterday was marked by a strong difference of opinion between the Southern and Northern representatives. At one time a split in the ranks seemed imminent over a desire of the Southern men to ignore the bi-metallic league. They maintained that the avowed purpose of the league was to assist the aspirations of their Presidential candidate, Joseph Sibley.

Mr. Rucker, of Colorado, asserted that the trouble now in the West was "a growing belief that the silver wing was but the tail of the Democratic kite."

Congressman Acklin, of Tennessee, healed the breach by the formulation of a compromise resolution providing that a sub-committee of five be appointed to take charge of the distribution of literature and that it be instructed to use its best efforts to avoid any antagonism with any other national organization. The resolution was adopted.

An address will be issued to the public setting forth the position of the national silver league and the members of the national committee will be empowered to organize the various states. Matters were finally adjusted by electing Mr. Miller permanent chairman. The delegates from the West and North say there will be another meeting of the committee in February, when a silver party will be established.

FIRE AT CINCINNATI.

Nearly $200,000 Worth of Property is Destroyed.

Cincinnati, O., July 18.—At 2 p. m. yesterday an alarm was turned in from box 13. A big fire had started in the five-story hay and feed warehouse of J. H. Harmesch & Co. at Water and Walnut streets. It spread so as to threaten the entire square bounded by Walnut, Water, Vine and Front streets, and a general alarm soon called out the entire department.

Those burned entirely out were L. Seaman & Co., leaf tobacco, $85,000; insured $50,000; S. O. Brown, commission, loss, stock $25,000, building $30,-000, insurance $21,000; H. L. Manning & Co., commission, 5,000 bags peanuts, $2,500, in Brown's building; J. H. Harmesch & Co., feed and hay, J. A. J. Smith stable; Nelson Morris & Co., stables; Klein & Julck, commission; Simmons & Morris, commission; Langely, Garlock & Co., river supplies; I. D. Peacock, naval supplies.

At 2:30 p. m. the front wall of Harmesch & Co.'s warehouse fell, causing the death of Capt. Michael W. Healy, fire company No. 29, and Fireman Thomas W. Wisby, of Company No. 8. Eighteen other firemen were injured, many seriously, but it is hoped not fatally.

WILL TESTIFY FOR HOLMES.

Mysterious Stranger Who Will Undertake to Prove an Alibi.

Philadelphia, July 19.—A French-Canadian, stockily built and with short black whiskers yesterday had a conference with Holmes' lawyer. It was stated that the stranger had arrived here from Toronto. He said he had been with Holmes in nearly all the latter's business ventures in the south and west and had known him for years. He stated that he would swear that Holmes, when he went to Toronto, gave the Pietzel children to a man named Hatch, and this was the last either he or Holmes had seen of them. He says a complete alibi can be proven for Holmes, and he will go on the stand in defense of the notorious criminal.

HOMESTEADERS SWINDLED.

Shortage in United States Land Office, at Marquette, Mich.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., July 18.—A large shortage has been discovered in the books of ex-Receiver Meade and ex-Register Royce, of the United States land office at Marquette. Homesteaders in nearly every county of the upper peninsula are affected and many will lose their land on account of no entries of their applications or proof of claims ever having been placed on record. Many homesteaders lose the work of years.

MINERS' MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Uninjured, They Are Released From Their Tomb.

Milwaukee, July 19.—A special to the Evening Wisconsin from Iron Mountain, Mich., says: The imprisoned miners at the Pewable mine were released about midnight and none of them were injured. The escape is considered the most remarkable one in the history of mining. The men suffered no great inconvenience. All heard the crash of the timbers and made their escape to a dry drift on the first level.

WILL ELECTROCUTE A GIRL.

Sentence of Death Passed on a New York Murderess.

New York, July 18.—Sentence of death by electricity was to-day passed upon Maria Barberi, who, on April 26, cut the throat of Dominico. The date of execution was set for the week beginning August 19.

Decision Affecting Cigarette Trade.

Martinsburg, W. Va., July 19.—Judge Nathan Goff, of the United States Circuit court of Appeals, yesterday decided that the law of the state of West Virginia imposing a tax of $500 a year on every seller of cigarettes contravened the inter-state commerce law when the cigarettes were imported from another state into West Virginia, and was therefore inoperative in such cases. This decision will affect laws of other states than West Virginia unless reversed by the higher court.

THE B. Y. P. U.

Its Fifth International Convention at Baltimore.

Baltimore, July 18.—The fifth international convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, was begun to-day. It was sweltering hot within the enclosure of the great tent brought here from Cleveland for the convention. The decorations were simple. Banked behind the officers on the the stage were the chorus of 500 voices. The delegations began to arrive early.

At 9:30 the 1,500 pound bell rang out its call for delegates, and people generally, to gather in the tent, and the arrivals were rapid thereafter. Promptly at 10 o'clock President John H. Chapman, of Chicago, arose and called upon the chorus, which responded with two selections. Rev. C. A. Hobbs, D. D., of Delaven, Wis., made an earnest prayer. The president was very happy in his address, and called forth much laughter when he alluded to the warm hearts and warm sun without.

The report of the board of managers read this forenoon says:

No enterprise ever launched by the Baptists has shown such a phenomenal development. There were nine organized states represented at our first historic convention at Chicago. There are 31 states organized to-day, and we have with us reports of the two unions of Canada, that of the maritime provinces and that of Ontario and Quebec. Four years ago the wisdom of a special organization of Baptist young people was a matter under discussion. To-day the denomination is practically a unit in favor of both the local organization of the young people, and the fraternal union of their organization for the study and emphasis of this particular order of church work. A great achievement in our denominational history was won when, in 1891, this Baptist Young People's Union of America was organized.

Baltimore, July 19.—The managers report was unanimously adopted at the afternoon session yesterday.

The report of the general treasurer, Mr. Frank Body, was read, containing the following figures: Receipts and disbursements for the year, $57,-610; the assets of the Baptist Young People's Union aggregates $24,105; liabilities, $24,230; deficit, $125, against a deficit of a year ago of $9,302. The financial condition is regarded as quite satisfactory.

An open parliament was then held, conducted by Rev. S. A. Northrop, D. D., of Ft. Wayne, Ind. The subject was "What Has Your Society Done to Promote a Revival in the Church?"

The board of managers will sit this evening at 10 o'clock to hear committees from cities desiring the convention for '96 and '97.

"To the Work" was sung by the choir, followed by a solo by Mr. Bilthorne and choir. Benediction was pronounced and the afternoon session closed.

At 4:45, and from that time till 7:15 delegates and visitors gave themselves up to dinner, sight seeing and strolls or drives through Druid Hill Park.

At 7:15 the great bell again called the convention together. After the praise service presentation was made of Christian culture banners for junior work. The banner for sacred literature course was won by the Austin association of Illinois. The banner for Bible readers course was won by the Jackson association of Michigan. The Canton society, of Ohio, won the conquest missionary course banner.

The Christian culture course was then taken up and Rev. Dr. W. R. Harper, president of the Chicago University, presided over the remaining exercises of the evening. He delivered a short discourse on "Higher Education."

Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D., of Philadelphia, spoke on "Wanted—Trained Leaders." Dr. Conwell was given a great reception, and was repeatedly applauded as he told the necessity of trained leaders in the church the society and the Sunday school. "I Love to Tell the Story" was sung by the choir and the congregation; the benediction was pronounced and the first day was done of the fifth international convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America.

Baltimore, Md., July 22.—Nearly 80,-000 people tried to get into the big Baptist tent at the three meetings yesterday, but only some 20,000 succeeded. It was the last and the greatest day of the fifth convention of the Baptist Young People's Union. The heat was intense and thirty-three women were prostrated and carried into the hospital tents, where they received medical attention, and when sufficiently revived were sent to their homes and hotels. The sultry atmosphere, however, had no depressing effect upon the fervor and enthusiasm of the crowds within the tent. In the afternoon and evening the people were massed in thousands outside as well as under the canvas.

The members of the national board of managers are delighted over the success of the convention, both from a spiritual and social standpoint. They say it was the greatest and the most enthusiastic Baptist convention ever held. President Chaplin in conducting the exercises to-night spoke of the wonderful success of the great union and the bright promises for its future. He also paid a graceful tribute to the hospitality of Baltimoreans and the beauty of their great park and city.

Last night the final meeting in the tent was if possible more enthusiastic than the opening meeting. The Rev. T. G. McKeever, of New London, Conn., led the praise service. The Rev. J. W. Conley, of St. Paul, Minn., then made a graceful address of thanks to the Baptists and citizens of Baltimore. President Chapman received a handkerchief salute as he arose to deliver his annual address.

In opening the president said he would give the delegates as their guiding thought through the year the words recorded in the eighth chapter of John, twelfth verse: "I am the light of the world."

Officers for Next Year.

Baltimore, Md., July 19.—The Baptist Young People's Union elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, John H. Chapman, Illinois; vice presidents, P. F. Bothong, New Jersey; J. R. Shenstone, Toronto, Ont.; George H. Taylor, D. D., West Virginia; recording secretary, Rev. H. W. Reed, Illinois.

FOREIGNERS TO EAT HORSES.

Yankee Enterprise Will Send Them the Choicest Cuts.

Portland, Ore., July 19.—The horse canning plant of the Western Packing Co., located at Linnton, ten miles from this city, will commence operations to-day. The establishment has all the facilities for slaughtering, packing and preparing horse meat for shipment, and it is the only one of its kind on the Pacific coast. Several car loads of horses have been shipped here to be slaughtered within the next few days. It is expected that a good market for horse meat will be worked up in foreign countries.

Money, Crops, Trade.

PRICES HAVE RISEN AND THERE IS A LULL IN BUYING.

Large Increase in Railroad Earnings Compared With Last Year.

New York, July 20.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says:

The week's news is not entirely encouraging but all the more natural because there are signs of midsummer dullness. Wheat prospects are not quite so good as last week, but still there are lower prices, as corn and cotton have been lowered. The exports of gold and the less favorable treasury returns for July are not unexpected and mean nothing as to coming business. There is perceptible decrease in the demand for most manufactured products, and the actual distribution to consumers naturally lessens in midsummer. Much of the recent buying was to anticipate a rise in prices, and such purchases fall off when prices have risen. There are still numerous advances in wages, but strikes grow more numerous and important.

Wheat has declined 2c for September; corn, 1 1-2c, and cotton, 1-8c for spot. Western receipts of wheat, not half of last years, express disappointment at prices, while exports for the week about a quarter of last year's and for three weeks only 2,529,023 bushels, flour included as against 7,-046,267 last year, show that foreign dealers are not regarding the situation with anxiety. Nor do British accounts indicate any anxiety about cottons, while efforts are reported by some of the American mills to sell part of the stock taken months ago, apparently exceed their needs for the year. If unfavorable to some speculators there are cheering indications, for it is better to have fair crops than to get high prices for what remains. Orders have so accumulated in iron products that some works forego the usual summer rest and Eastern furnaces soon to begin blast will add about 5,000 tons weekly to the production. A few quotations have advanced—gray forge and Eastern bar—while bessemer pig is a shade weaker at Pittsburg, but the averages of all prices is 1 per cent. higher for the week and 28.3 per cent. higher than February 1. The strike of several thousand miners in the Marquette region may have important consequences. Producers of non-bessemer ore have sold largely for the future at prices so low that they cannot add to cost of production and other mines in the Northwest may be affected. Minor metals are stronger with sales of 4,000,000 pounds copper up to 11 cents for lake and tin very firm in spite of a large visible supply.

Wool advanced in the first half of July an average of 1 cent for 104 quotations of domestic by Coates Bros., of Philadelphia, and is now 7 per cent. higher than a year ago. Sales, naturally lessen, being 7,950,000 pounds for the week against an average of over 13,000,000 pounds for each of the two previous weeks, but prices are sustained by German and French buying in the London market. Manufacturers do not support the advance, and are buying only for immediate needs, but holders who have taken for weeks past several times the quantity consumed are stiff. Cotton mills continue to enjoy a large business, and several have advanced wages this week, but some strikes of considerable importance are threatened or in progress. The weaker tone for the material does not as yet affect the price of goods. Failures for the week have been 256 in the United States against 236 last year, and 39 in Canada against 44 last year.

BRADSTREET ON FINANCE.

Bears Embarrassed by a Large Short Interest.

New York, July 20.—Bradstreet's Financial Review says:

Bearish pressure upon the Industrials has furnished most of the activity in a very dull market. Success in this line of action has, however, been less pronounced than in the preceding fortnight, and the creation of a large short interest has become an embarrassment to the bears. While corn reports have been very mixed their general tenor is favorable, and the prospect of an enormous yield of corn was never brighter.

This, with the increases of railroad earnings compared with the period of strikes and business depression last year, makes holders of railroad securities very stubborn, and the efforts of the bears have failed to produce any liquidation in the Granger shares. The manipulation has manifestly had for its object a depression which would enable short lines to be covered and on all declines stocks have been wanted by the professionals.

EUROPEAN WHEAT CROPS.

A General Report Covering the Wheat Producing Countries.

Washington, June 17.—The general agricultural conditions are reviewed in the report of the European agent of the agricultural department for July. It is shown that over a large part of Great Britain insufficient rain interfered with the general prospect for an excellent harvest. The effect of the partial drought is felt with particular severity in the Middle and Southern England. The wheat is reported in several counties as less than half a crop, with oats and barley practically spoiled. In the grazing counties the hay is reported of fine quality, but deficient in quantity. The hay making season has been early, and plentiful rains coming now would result in good second crops of clover. In Scotland all prospects are reported good.

Reports for the other important countries are as follows:

France.—The unfavorable weather conditions have resulted in premature blooming of the wheat and diminished prospects. The wheat crop is estimated from a poor average down to a falling off from last year of 40,000,-000 bushels. It will be remembered that the wheat area was somewhat reduced in the autumn, and it is certain that this year's crop will not be sufficient for domestic needs. Meslin, rye and oats are reported as average.

Germany.—The weather has been more favorable throughout Germany than France.

The detailed report for May of the Imperial statistical bureau showed the expectation of crops of wheat, barley, oats and hay to be better than the average, but rye was under the average. The weather in June has modified the expectation of May for the early drought having characterized the entire month in many parts. The wheat crop is now expected to be an average, and the rye crop is expected to fall below the average to the extent of 5 to 30 per cent.

Austria-Hungary.—In Austria the June weather has been entirely propitious and so general a recovery has been made of all cereal growths that a good average is confidently anticipated. In Hungary the wheat crop has not done quite so well, and is expected to fall below that of last year from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 bushels.

Spain.—Heavy rains and floods early in June denuded large areas of the then standing crops and inflicted considerable injury generally. But the prospect now is for an average crop.

Italy.—An average crop in Italy is now assured.

Russia.—All authorities concur in predicting a bountiful harvest, particularly in the Southern districts, which supply the export wheat to the Black sea ports. Here the condition of both winter and spring wheat is considerably above the average, and the prospects of the rye harvest are reported as better than at any previous period in 30 years. The outlook for a corn crop better than the average is universal.

North Africa.—The harvest in Algeria and Tunis is completed and is reported as above an average. From the last evidence attainable the wheat harvest is believed to aggregate about 40,000,000 bushels.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Office of The Toledo Blade,
Toledo, O., July 23, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 23.	July 16.
U. S. 4's (new) coupons....	125¾	124
U. S. 4's (new), registered.	123¾	123
U. S. 5s, coupons	116¾	116¾
U. S. 5's, registered.....	115¾	115¾
U. S. 4's, coupons	112½	112½
U. S. 4's, registered.....	111¾	111¾
U. S. 2's, registered.....	97	96½
Pacific 6's of '95.....	100	100

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close This Afternoon.

The markets for wheat opened weak to-day, and for a time had a downward tendency, then there were reports of crop damage that gave the bulls an opportunity to put the market up a little, but light receipts again weakened prices, and there was considerable selling. At the close the feeling was one of ease. There was a very heavy falling off in primary receipts as compared with the same day last year. Trade was active to-day.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat, 14,-587 bu.; flour, 10,400 bbls.; for wheat and flour equal to 34,887 bu.

World's wheat shipments to Europe for the past week: 5,016,000 bu. foreign, and 1,670,000 American.

Bradstreet's shows decrease in wheat past week, 2,000,000 bu.

Receipts in the Northwest, 258 cars, as compared with 341 same day last year.

Liverpool cables ½d higher for cash, and ¼d lower in future. Corn ½d higher. Berlin, ⅝c lower. Paris wheat 5@10 centimes lower.

Pork at Chicago for September delivered opened at $11.00, and closed at $11.07.

Oats for September delivery opened at Chicago at 22 3-8c and closed at 22 1-2@22 5-8c.

Estimated receipts for to-morrow at Chicago: Wheat, 34 cars; corn, 120 cars; oats, 70 cars.

The shipments of wheat from Argentina last week were 416,000 bu., of which 344,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and 72,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments of corn were 1,136,000 bu., of which 776,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and 360,000 bu. to the Continent.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 744,000 bu., of which 480,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom and 264,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments of the corresponding week in 1894 were 928,000 bu. The total shipments since April 1 aggregate 10,576,-000 bu., of which 7,344,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom and 3,062,000 bu. to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 4,-588,000 bu. of which 2,732,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom and 1,856,000 bu. to the Continent.

Corn was fairly active and the decline was caused by favorable weather for the growing crop. At the close there was a weak feeling. At Chicago September corn opened at 44 3-4c, rose to 45c, and closed at 44 1-4c. At New York September corn opened at 49 1-2c and rose to 49 7-8c, and closed at 49 1-4c.

Prices of wheat to-day:

July.	Opened	Highest	Lowest	Close
Toledo	71	71¾	71	71¾
Chicago	66⅝	66⅝	66⅛	66⅛
September—				
Toledo	70¼	70¾	70¼	70¼
Chicago	65⅝	66¼	67⅛	67⅛
New York....	71⅝	72¼	71⅞	71⅞
St. Louis.....	67	67¼	66⅝	66⅝

The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.

As compared with yesterday at the local exchange cash and July wheat was off 1-4c, August 3-4c, September 7-8c, and December 3-4c. Trade was active for future delivery. Cash sold moderately. Prices closed weak.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 71@71 1-4c, latter to close; No. 3 soft red, 66c; No. 2 soft red Lake Shore, 66 3-4c; No. 4 soft red, 63 1-2c; then 65c.

July wheat, 71c, 71 3-4c, then 71 1-4c; August, 70 1-8c, 69 7-8c, 70 3-8c, then 70c; September, 70